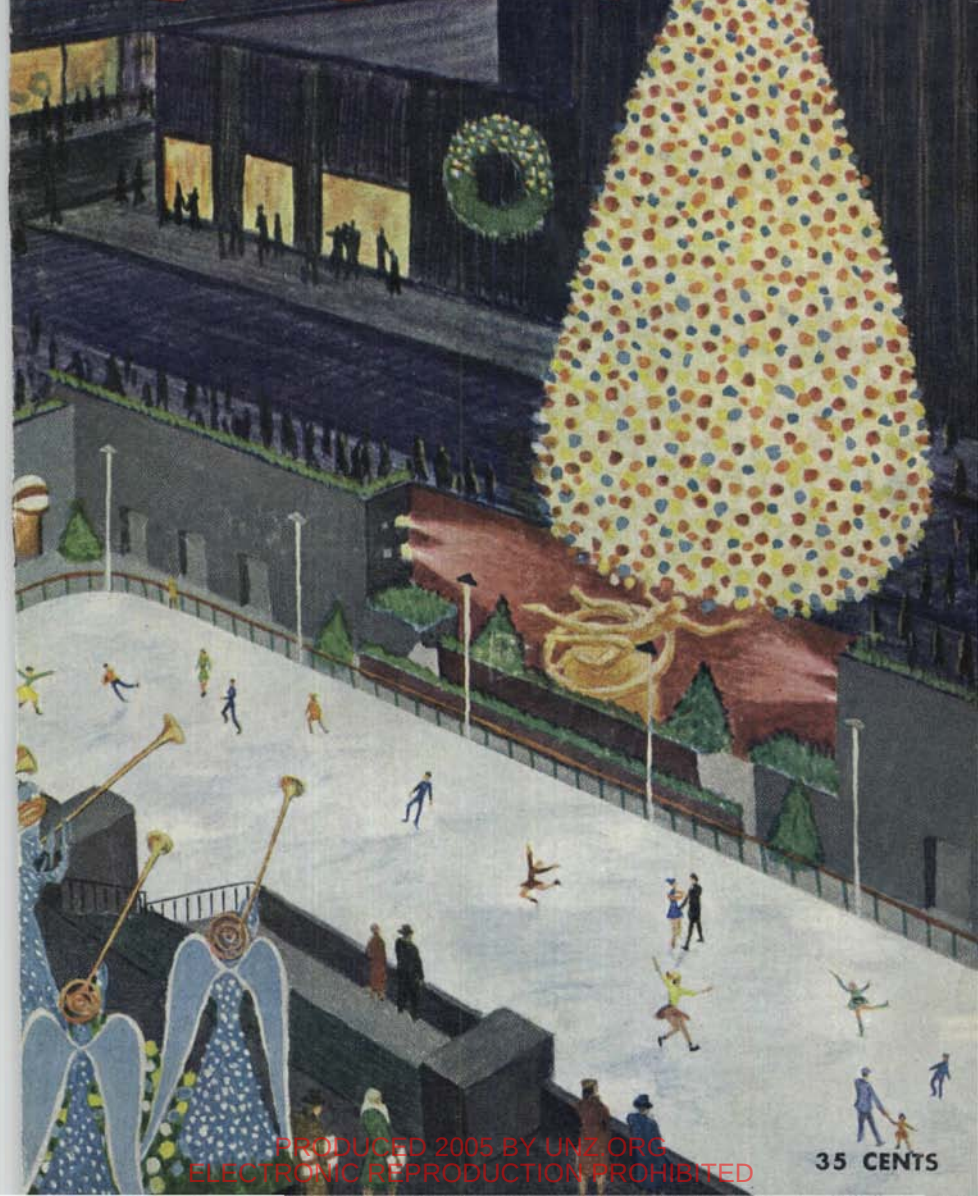


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DECEMBER 1955

American

MERCURY

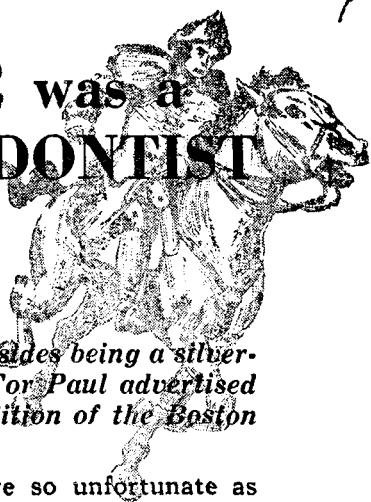


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★
America's

**MOST
DANGEROUS
EXPERIMENT**

by
David Shea Teeple
★

T

HE UNITED STATES has gambled on many "noble" international experiments in recent years. For the most part they have been based on fantastic delusions about human behavior. They have resulted in fiascoes. Always Communism has grown stronger and freedom weaker. Thus far, however, the strength and resources of our country have been sufficient to absorb the damage.

This year we launched a venture which could be disastrous and per-

haps fatal to our existence as a nation. *We are now advocating and assisting in a program to construct atomic power plants in the so-called "power starved areas of the world."*

Ten years ago, in 1945, a Special Committee of the United States Senate was established to "investigate problems relating to the development, use and control of atomic energy." By their own admission, an organized pressure group of eminent scientists appeared before that

Committee. Without exception they were dedicated to the belief that the atomic weapon which they had helped to create made war obsolete. They sincerely believed that the only solution was an international agency to prevent the manufacture of such weapons.

Since their thinking influenced the conduct of our legislators and our diplomats, it is no more than fair that we recall the statements they made at that time. We were told by Dr. Vannevar Bush, President of Carnegie Institution of Washington and the Director of the Office of Scientific Research and Development, that:

. . . Eight years ago there were two countries in the world whose people had been trained for over a generation to prepare for a war of aggression, Germany and Japan. The leaders of those countries had their peoples so propagandized and so under control that they did not know the world situation; and that was an enormous threat to the world and out of it came a great war.

No such situation exists today, and those two nations are conquered and under control and should remain so. We have no nations in the world today that do not wish a long, fruitful period of peace; and in my opinion, every country is anxious to bring that about, not only the peoples of every country but the rulers of every country. We have no situation as then existed. . . .

I am quite sure that the Russians do not feel that we are a threat. We do not have interests which conflict

seriously. [This and subsequent excerpts are from the official transcript *Hearings before the Special Committee on Atomic Energy*, 79th Congress, 1st Session.]

Dr. Irving Langmuir, at that time Associate Director of the Research Laboratory, General Electric Company, who had recently returned from an 18-day visit to Russia, said:

When you go to Russia and you find that Kapitza, Fersman, Frenkel, and Joffe — all of those men who are working on problems that have nothing to do with atomic energy — when Joffe tells me and shows me the cyclotron started in 1938, work on which was discontinued during the war and is now just starting again, and tells me the cyclotron will be finished in December of this year — and he is the most prominent physicist that has had anything to do with nuclear physics — when you see that, you are convinced they are not carrying through a Manhattan project.

Yet, as the world now knows, four years after Dr. Langmuir spoke, the Russians in 1949 detonated a nuclear device.

The wartime head of the Manhattan Engineer District, Lieutenant-General Leslie R. Groves, stated that he believed we could keep ahead of any other nation in the world in atomic energy for all time to come provided that the rules were the same for everybody. He said:

When I say that the rules are the same, if we have secrecy, and they have secrecy, we will be ahead. If we have free and open distribution of

every bit of knowledge we have, and they have secrecy, they eventually are going ahead because they will finally find out something that we don't know and we won't find it out.

The rules weren't the same for everybody. We talked; the Soviets didn't. They engaged in espionage; we didn't. Where we stand today is anybody's guess.

The panacea for the world's problems in 1945 was to be international control and inspection of atomic energy. General Groves was very skeptical of the possibilities of such inspection.

Most of the scientists emphasized that inspection could only be feasible before a widespread atomic energy industry existed throughout the world. Dr. J. Robert Oppenheimer, then Professor of Physics, California Institute of Technology and the wartime Director of Los Alamos, said:

... inspection must be based on a formal and open recognition on the part of the governments that they are not interested in making atomic weapons, that they are not interested in doing any of this work secretly. . . .

It is my conviction that the easiest time, and, in fact, the only time when one might hope to discover that there were violations of the convention would be the time when it is started, when you are pulling in your technical people, when you are having the equipment manufactured, when you are building the plants. . . .

I say if you are dealing with open plants, the problem of inspection is not so tough. If there is a power plant some place and we are allowed — we, or the United Nations, or what have you — are allowed to maintain inspectors there, this problem does not look hopeless.

The problem starts looking hopeless if you have a country where you do not know what is going on, a country where there are limitations of freedom and movement.

It was admitted by the scientific witnesses that once atomic weapons had been manufactured, they could be successfully hidden. Dr. Oppenheimer put it this way:

There are no ingenious devices whereby one nation could detect or control atomic armament in another nation committed to sovereignty and secrecy in this field.

If you hired me to walk through the cellars of Washington to see whether there were atomic bombs, I think my most important tool would be a screwdriver to open the crates and look. I think that just walking by, swinging a little gadget, would not give me the information.

All of the expert witnesses testified that in any atomic war a tremendous benefit accrued to the aggressor. Again Dr. Oppenheimer expressed the generally held viewpoint when he said:

... Although the fear of retaliation is a very serious one, the advantages of attack are enormous, the advantages of initiative are enormous.

I believe, when the thing goes far enough and the stock piles get bigger

and bigger, that, at least, the advantages, the seeming advantages of the initiative will outweigh any possible disadvantages of having other powers gang up on them.

Dr. Alvin M. Weinberg, speaking as a representative of the Federation of Atomic Scientists, said: "My feeling is that the advantage which accrues to the aggressor is overwhelming."

There was another accepted concept advanced by our scientific fraternity — that any plants for peacetime applications of atomic energy could be readily converted to military use. Dr. Harold C. Urey, Nobel Prize winner, suggested that we have no such plants pending the time when we had really come to the agreement that guaranteed world security. Dr. Langmuir shared this view and stated:

. . . Much of the discussion of the human value of atomic energy has been based on the thought that such energy may displace coal and oil as sources of industrial power. This, I think, is a relatively trivial matter. Even if coal or oil cost nothing as fuels, this would not have a very great effect on our civilization: we would not use our automobiles much more and our electric power bills would not be cut as much as they already have been within the last 15 years by the improvements that have occurred in power production.

Pursuing this question as to whether or not there could be a reasonable separation of the manufacture of atomic energy for peace

as differentiated from its manufacture for war, Dr. Oppenheimer stated:

The manufacture of atomic energy for peace, in any plants that I have heard discussed, would make material latently which could be used for war. . . . If you did this, if you made atomic energy and sold it in kilowatts and so on and definitely made no provision for military inspection of the products which you were making at the same time and did this on a large scale, you would have perhaps solved, let us say, more than 60 percent and less than 90 percent of the problem of making atomic weapons.

Senator Tydings pursued the question with Dr. Leo Szilard, then of the University of Chicago, as follows:

SENATOR TYDINGS. Therefore, I take it that your answer meant that unless there was an international climate created which would make the control of the bomb or the elimination of the bomb, whichever it might be, reasonably feasible with a promise of safety that, as an alternative it would be better if we could have an agreement that nobody would manufacture atomic energy even for peacetime purposes, because it would be so easy to slip over into the field of war purposes. Am I correct in what I have said?

DR. SZILARD. Yes; precisely.

Dr. Urey expressed it this way:

In considering the problem of control there are two assumptions that might be made: First, that there

would be no peacetime large-scale power plants; and second, that peacetime power plants would be permitted on a large scale. . . . In order to secure power for industrial purposes from atomic energy, it is necessary to have very large-scale plants. If these large-scale plants were all in existence, as they might be some 10, 20 or 25 years in the future, they would contain considerable amounts of fissionable material that could be used for bombs. It would then only be necessary to withdraw the material from these plants and manufacture this material into bombs.

The belligerence of our scientists as to what steps they would take in the event that nations would not cooperate in international control was very surprising. Dr. Oppenheimer stated, in reply to a question from Senator Byrd as to what he would recommend in the event any nation secretly and surreptitiously broke an agreement for international control:

If this situation arose, and it is clear from what I have said that I don't think it needs to arise, I would use military measures of all kinds against the offending country.

On the subject of the reliability of international agreements, there was one scientist who differed with his colleagues. Dr. Ross Gunn, then Technical Adviser to the Naval Administration of the Naval Research Laboratory, stated that one of the basic principles of science was that if an experiment was performed a number of times and the same an-

swer always resulted, that unless the fundamentals were changed, one could expect the same answer if the experiment was performed again. Translating this scientific principle into the realm of human conduct, Dr. Gunn stated:

When people talk about international agreements, I would like to ask them to give me a quantitative figure of the probability of an international agreement lasting 25 years, 50 years, or 100 years. And if that probability isn't finite and of appreciable size, then I say we should not do the experiment over again. That is all I know about it, sir.

Another conclusion which was pretty firmly fixed in the minds of our scientists was that any *atomic arms race would eventually result in atomic war*. Dr. Oppenheimer bluntly stated: "I believe that if there is atomic armament there will be atomic war."

IN REVIEWING the advice given in 1945 by our men of science it is clear that the future conduct of our atomic energy and diplomatic programs was to be based upon certain theses, as follows:

- (1) That international control of atomic energy was a necessity.
- (2) That a climate of peace existed in the world which would make such control possible.
- (3) That free and unlimited inspection was a necessary prerequisite to such control.
- (4) That such inspection could

only function prior to the manufacture of atomic weapons by any other nation since atomic weapons once manufactured could never be detected.

(5) That there was no defense against atomic weapons.

(6) That it would be extremely dangerous to allow the development of a world-wide atomic energy power program prior to the securing of reliable control safeguards.

(7) That in an atomic war the aggressor would have a tremendous advantage.

(8) That in an atomic war the United States *must* attack first.

ALL OF THE scientists testified that the possession of a power reactor would constitute from 60 to 90 percent of the possession of atomic weapons. They further stated that it would be impossible to prevent diversion of fissionable materials from a power reactor to a weapons program. In hammering this point home, it was the consensus that in view of the threat of diverting fissionable materials from peacetime applications to weapons, the peacetime benefits were trivial in comparison to the dangers involved.

In the ten years since 1945 the rosy picture of cooperation painted by Dr. Bush has rapidly dissipated if it ever existed. We have been through the Korean War, we have witnessed the rise of Red China and the expansion of Communism throughout the world.

We are now launched upon a full scale "Atoms for Peace" program which *violates the technical advice given to us by our men of science.*

(1) Another nation, the Soviet Union, did clandestinely manufacture not only fission devices but also fusion devices. No man of science has advocated preventive war as most of them in 1945 stated should be done if this situation arose.

(2) There are no reliable international control mechanisms. There are no present prospects that there will ever be any reliable controls inasmuch as both the United States and Russia now have atomic stockpiles which the scientists say can never be detected by inspection.

(3) We have entered into 20 bilateral agreements for the exportation of fissionable material, Uranium 235, to foreign countries. Thus far the material is in six kilogram lots, insufficient for weapons purposes, but there is no doubt that once the politicians are committed to the program it will snowball and within a few years accumulated stores of the material sufficient for weapons will be available in many countries.

It has been said on many occasions that the fissionable material which we are going to make available to foreign countries for power reactors is not "weapons grade." We are told that it is 20 percent enriched in the isotope U_{235} . The isotope 235 of uranium is the fissionable weapons material. Only .7 of one percent of 235 occurs in natural uranium.

An elementary student of nuclear physics and the uranium separation process knows that when uranium has been brought from .7 of one percent to an enrichment of 20 percent U_{235} , the remaining task to bring it to weapons grade is not difficult. The big task is to enrich the material from its natural state to five percent. From that point on any nation with an isotope separation process can bring the material to the proper enrichment for weapons very rapidly. Almost all of the costs of the preparation of weapons enriched material are expended in the first two percent of enrichment. To tell the American people that 20 percent enriched Uranium 235 is not weapons grade, though technically correct, is a very dangerous half-truth.

NO AMERICAN is opposed to the rapid advancement of nuclear science insofar as it will assist in conquering disease, improving medicine, biology, agriculture and industry. These humanitarian applications, however, are accomplished by radioisotopes which are produced in reactors. They have no relationship to the exportation of fissionable material. The present world-wide reactor program is designed for the production of power.

The power program needs U_{235} . This material *can be used* to make atomic bombs!

Despite the extravagant statements that have been made for

atomic power, the McKinsey and Company (consultants) reported to the Joint Committee on Atomic Energy in July 1955 that:

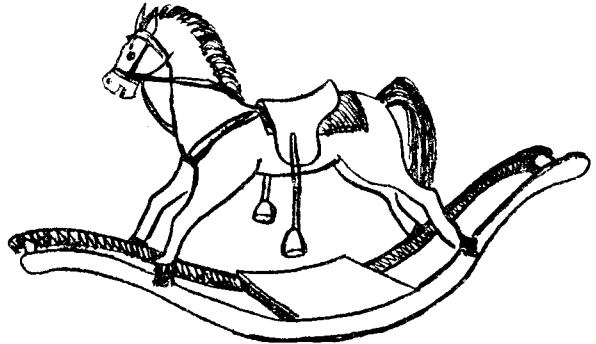
Present technology for the production of electric power is based simply on atomic energy replacing fossil fuels as a source of heat, with the balance of the process for the production of electric power remaining the same. Under this technology, authorities do not now anticipate that the cost of electric power in the United States will be substantially lowered through the use of atomic energy as a fuel. This fact *limits the extent of the impact on the economy of the United States*, but has real significance for other economies where the costs of fossil fuels are substantially higher. (*Appraising the Impact of the Atom*, McKinsey and Company, July 1955.)

If atomic power is developed, therefore, its benefits will accrue to foreign nations, not to the United States. In addition to increasing the industrial potential of foreign nations, we are placing in their hands material which in quantities will tremendously increase their war potential.

Once we sent scrap iron to Japan and later it rained from the skies at Pearl Harbor. The risks to the United States in the present program do not justify the possible benefits. The atom has no morals. "*Atoms for Peace*" can become *Atoms for War*. This, therefore, is truly America's most dangerous experiment!

The Tail of a White Horse

This is a true tale. It is a true tale about a tail. It is the tail of a white horse. It is not, however, a real tail. It is not even a real horse. It is, withal, a true tale of the tail of a white hobbyhorse.



IT WAS the-day-before-the-day-before-Christmas.

Three months before that day my three-and-a-half-year-old son had expressed his heart's desire for Christmas — a white hobbyhorse. I told him I would communicate his wishes to Santa Claus, but that it was difficult at times for Santa to respond to all the wishes of all the small boys in the world. But I determined to redeem this youthful wish if it were humanly possible because, as a child, I had found such delight in a hobbyhorse. So the search began.

Toy stores and toy sections of great department stores were canvassed in vain for a white wooden hobbyhorse. The current mechanical contraptions were sad imitations of the real thing. Neither the one consisting of a steel spring lever with a seat on one end that provided an up-and-down motion, nor the horses

By Spencer Miller, Jr.

made of round wooden cylinders for body and legs, with wool for mane and tail, lent wings to the imagination. They seemed to me only caricatures of a hobbyhorse.

When I telephoned a child study group for help, they indicated that hobbyhorses were out of date; that building toys were more educational.

The weeks rolled by!

Toward the end of October my wife and I drove to our camp on Long Island for the weekend of our wedding anniversary. As we were traveling a country road near our camp, we spied a dingy-looking horse outside an antique shop. "A horse! A horse!" I cried. "Let's stop!"

But my wife said we could not stop then if we were to make camp by dark. We decided to stop on the way back; but again we were late,

and sped past the shop with only a glance to assure ourselves that the horse was still there. Later, a friend in the neighborhood went to look at the horse for me and reported back the name of the proprietress who owned the shop. I immediately began a correspondence with her.

"The horse is an antique," she wrote me, "over seventy-five years old, its tail and mane a little the worse for wear, and the saddle in need of repair." The photograph she sent me of the horse was so faint that I was no better informed as to its present condition. She also wrote that white wooden hobbyhorses belonged to the Victorian Era. We agreed on a price and I gave the order to have the horse shipped to my sister in New York City, where I hoped to make the few necessary repairs.

Christmas week arrived but no horse. I became impatient and tried to telephone the shop proprietress, only to learn she had no telephone at the shop. When I finally talked with her, I learned that the horse had been shipped on Tuesday of Christmas week!

It arrived at my sister's New York apartment the-day-before-the-day-before-Christmas. She telephoned me the day the horse arrived and sputtered, "But what on earth do you want with this headless piece of junk?" My heart sank. I then grabbed my hat and coat and told my secretary I was going to look at my hobbyhorse.

THERE IT WAS — my hobbyhorse — headless, tailless, maneless, and earless; the bridle broken; the saddle torn; the stirrups tied with a rope; the entire frame cracked and dirty. My nieces and their mother showed their amusement and dismay at my plight. The broken and dismembered hobbyhorse, however, challenged my imagination!

"What can we get for a tail?" I asked.

My niece, an accomplished cellist for a young girl, said, "I have an idea! You might use the hairs of my old cello bow!" This was the first contribution — inadequate, of course, for a tailless, maneless hobbyhorse.

I telephoned and asked a portrait painter if she would play "Santa" by painting my horse. She immediately entered into the spirit of the undertaking and said, "Bring on your horse!"

So, accompanied by my nieces, I carried under one arm the horse's head and stirrups; under the other, my headless steed, and arrived at my artist friend's studio by taxi to the great amusement of driver, doormen and elevator operators.

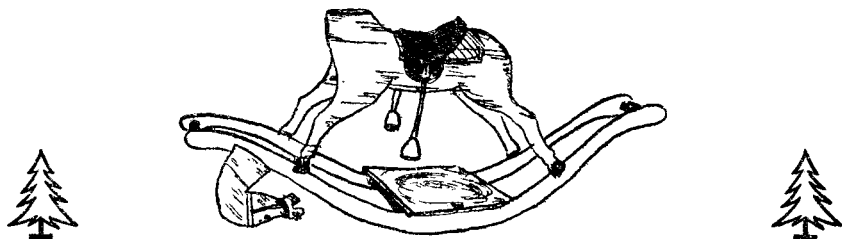
My artist friend became at once deeply interested in its beauty of line and asserted, "Why, this is a museum piece!"

Our first task was to get the hobbyhorse's head attached to its body. She called for her janitor to come in with his tools. It was then discovered he was an Austrian cabinet-

maker who had made hobbyhorses in the "old country."

"What a beautiful horse!" he exclaimed on sight, literally embracing it. "It must have been made in the Tyrol," he added. He ran his hand expertly over its graceful outline and announced, "It is carved out of a solid block of wood." Soon he was

other work aside and began to make a new saddle and a bridle for my hobbyhorse. But he had no tail for the hobbyhorse. However, his wife suggested a German harness maker on 46th Street, whom we promptly visited. When the latter could not help, we sought out two horseshoers. But they could not help either.



happily at work attaching the head, using two wooden dowels.

Then we started to search for some ears, a saddle and a bridle. Toy departments had none. "All rocking horses are imported," I was informed.

Undaunted, I went to a riding stable near Central Park and inquired of the stable boys as to where they had their saddles repaired. "On 53rd Street near Eleventh Avenue, by a Hungarian saddle maker," was the forthcoming information. There was no time to be lost.

Off we went — hobbyhorse, Austrian "janitor-cabinetmaker," and I — in a taxi, to the address given. The Hungarian saddler, an old man, exclaimed over the beauties of the horse. In response to our impassioned plea, he immediately put his

Tension mounted. Surely, there was such a tail to be had somewhere!

Meanwhile, my artist friend had prepared a list of paints, sandpaper, and plastic wood to refurbish my steed. These I purchased, including Chinese vermilion for the nostrils, black for the hoofs, white for the flanks, green for the rockers.

It was already two o'clock in the afternoon and we still had no tail for Dobbin, my hobbyhorse. Also, the intensity of the search had driven all thought of lunch from our minds. As a member of the staff, I was invited to attend a three o'clock pre-Christmas party at the Church Mission House, and dropped by for a few minutes.

"Bishop, I am in search of a white horse's tail. Can you give me advice or spiritual counsel?"

Taking a tall candle from beside the Christmas tree, he said, "Here is a candle to light your way as you search." As I was going out the door, one of his secretaries whispered to me, "Try a five-and-ten."

The five-and-ten! Yes, I might find a white horse's tail there. Off I hurried to the nearest one and searched through several counters, without success, before I landed at the one where women's hair nets are sold.

"Have you any ladies' switches?" I asked the startled salesgirl.

AFTER a moment's thought she dove down under the counter and brought up a package from which she drew forth different switches in black, brown, and red.

"Have you any white ones?" I asked. "You see, I'm hunting for a white tail for a hobbyhorse."

The salesgirl burst out laughing and said, "I tell you what you can do: Take one of these switches to the beauty shop around the corner and have it platinumized."

Somehow or other, a hobbyhorse with a platinum-blond tail seemed a little incongruous for an antique.

I went to a toy store filled with all kinds of Christmas equipment. "Have you a set of Santa Claus whiskers?" I asked of the manager.

"No," he replied, "we don't carry them any more. Santa Claus whiskers are now made out of wool or cotton." He suggested a costume shop in Greenwich Village.

When I got there, the shop was closed. I remembered a taxidermist in Chelsea. He had no white horse's tail, but directed me to a wigmaker six blocks away. It was now four-thirty in the afternoon.

The wigmaker's shop resembled an alcove in the old Eden Musée with its many wax heads adorned with wigs and toupees. The proprietor had no white horse's tail nor the makings of one, but recommended an importer of hair on West 20th Street. I located him in a loft building with a pokey old elevator that rumbled slowly to the sixth floor.

"I haven't any horse's hair," he replied; then added, "But I have just one switch of white Russian yak."

Presently he emerged with the switch. I thought it rather short. Again he disappeared, but soon returned with a gorgeous white tail made of Russian yak and human hair!

"You have saved the day for me!" I exclaimed as I paid him. "A merrier Christmas to you for your help!"

Later, the Austrian janitor-cabinetmaker attached the tail and mane. By this time my artist friend was too fatigued from Christmas shopping to paint the horse; so I gathered up my steed and paints and started for home, where, under cover of night, I planned to touch up the horse in my workshop. But a new adventure lay ahead!

My car developed engine trouble and had to be taken to a garage for

repair, leaving me stranded with the hobbyhorse.

But what to do with "Dobbin" for the night — that was the problem. Again, I had recourse to an artist friend to ask if I might stable the hobbyhorse in her studio that night. "Certainly," she agreed. "There are five artists here. We would like to see your horse."

And so down to Gramercy Park I drove by taxicab to her studio apartment. "What a daddy my kid would think I was," said the taxi driver, "if I brought him a horse like this." He lifted the hobbyhorse out of his cab with tender care, and started carrying it up the stairs to the studio.

When my artist friends viewed the horse, they exclaimed in chorus, "What a beauty!" "That should be presented to the Metropolitan," one added.

"Granted," I agreed. "But first, the hobbyhorse is going to be presented to my son."

Then, one by one they proceeded to point out the beauty of "Dobbin's" lines — the eyes, the head, the chest, and flanks. "It is an Arabian charger," said one. "It's a dapple grey," said another.

Presently, one of them was down on her knees wiping off the dust on the footrest of the rocker. "Here," she said, with all the excitement of a discovery, "is a hand-painted rose that must be seventy-five years old."

"Let's touch up the places that are minus paint, or where it is dull,"

I suggested; "then we can restore the rose."

"Agreed!" they chorused. "We'll all help you!"

BY MIDNIGHT the last rites were performed. "Dobbin" emerged resplendent with new green rockers, Chinese vermilion tongue and nostrils, dappled shanks, and a restored rose.

Beneath the footrest with its painted rose (*sub rosa*, as one of the artists suggested) the names of all my "horse painters" were inscribed. After profuse thanks to all, I left Dobbin at the studio, to dry overnight, and reached home in my repaired car around one-thirty in the morning.

On Christmas Eve, under cover of darkness, I smuggled Dobbin into my home. After the children had been put to bed, I set the white hobbyhorse, completely blanketed, beside the Christmas tree, to keep the surprise for my son until the last moment.

On Christmas morning he spied the protruding hoofs beneath the blanket's edge. With a joyous shout he sprang forward, threw off the blanket, and mounted his long-awaited hobbyhorse.

Standing beside the Tree, that long-ago morning, my wife and I smiled at each other during our son's first moments of radiant, overwhelming joy on that old hobbyhorse. You see, we knew that giving joy to a little boy, any little boy or any little girl, is the real meaning of Christmas.

Our East-West Marriage Is Working

By Hugh F. O'Reilly



HOLLYWOOD has just finished making a movie about my Japanese wife, Yuko, and me. Tentatively titled *The Gentle Sergeant*, it tells of the romance that led to our marriage and also recounts the beginning of one of the most heart-warming stories of the occupation of Japan — the building and support of the Holy Family Orphanage by the men of the 27th (Wolfhound) Infantry Regiment.

But there is still another story, one the picture doesn't have time to tell, but which answers questions of great interest to the American public: Why have so many American servicemen married Japanese girls? And what are their chances of success?

There are answers to both questions, of course, but before going into them it would be nice to have the opportunity to clear up some of the misconceptions about the 20,000 or so marriages that have taken place so far.

The most widely circulated opinion of our brides is that they are meek, submissive little creatures,

whose every moment is spent in satisfying the whims of their husbands. Now I'm not saying that there are none like that among those thousands of women — just as I'd hate to bet that your neighbor's wife isn't like that. The point I'm trying to make is that they're not very different from any other women anywhere.

Maybe it's their politeness that makes them seem so meek, for by our standards the Japanese are excessively polite. But don't let that politeness fool you — the girls we married have minds of their own just like the girls at home. And if Papa steps out of line Mama isn't the least bit backward about letting him know about it.

Another cute little tale which I've read in several forms is the one about the inability of Japanese brides to cope with our styles and our way of life. One "authority" told about the girl who took a girdle her husband had bought her and hung it on the living room wall as she would a picture. No doubt some Americans married farm girls whose contact

with Western ways was extremely limited. But by far the greater number of brides came from great urban centers around which our Armed Forces were encamped.

Yuko, my wife, comes from Osaka, a city about the size of Philadelphia with a subway, skyscrapers and a traffic problem that would make a New Yorker feel at home. Many girls from Osaka, Tokyo and Yokohama married Americans, and believe me there is darned little you can tell those girls about our styles.

As to why "our boys" marry Japanese girls, my answer is: For the very same reasons that people anywhere get married! I don't think nationality makes a lot of difference when a boy and a girl find what they're looking for in each other's eyes — and apparently an awful lot of other men have felt the same way. You meet a girl, talk, have a few dates and your personalities just seem to blend together in a way that promises happiness for both of you.

I'VE TALKED with hundreds of men who, like myself, brought Japanese brides to this country and, although each of them has his own way of phrasing it, the reasons they married are the same men have given since time began.

There's not much difference between a romance in Osaka or Peoria.

The same thing could have happened to every one of us in the States — it just didn't, that's all. We met in Japan the girls we wanted to spend our lives with; and as we say in the Army, that's the way the ball bounces.

What are our chances for success?

I'd say they're better than average. Somehow that idea always raises a lot of eyebrows, but the reasons for it are fairly obvious.

None of us married in haste. When a serviceman and a Japanese girl decide to marry they don't just dash off to the nearest preacher and tie the knot. It takes months to go through the necessary paper work. And then there are talks with the commanding officer and the chaplain, both of whom lay things on the line and acquaint the man, if need be,

with the special problems he faces.

How many married couples do you know who've been told at length all the reasons why they wouldn't be right for each other? Your average couple would resent it quite strongly, and no doubt many servicemen and their Japanese fiancées did too. But what a wonderful preparation for married life such counseling is!

We've all known young couples who have rushed headlong into marriage, starry-eyed and certain that nothing could ever happen to mar



their perfect bliss. And we've seen them run, disillusioned, to a divorce lawyer the moment something went wrong. Chalk one up there for the serviceman and his Japanese bride. They've known from the beginning that they'll have to work for their happiness — that happiness is a thing to be earned. And the best way to really make two young people try is to tell them that they haven't got a chance.

The possibility of discrimination was one thing all of us had to face — and I, for one, came back to the States with a chip on my shoulder. Just let someone look sideways at my Yuko! Well, we've been in the States three years now, and the only sideways looks that have been cast at her have been looks of admiration. And what husband doesn't puff up with pride when someone admires his wife?

AS I SAID, there was a chip on my shoulder, so when it came to house-hunting I left Yuko with my mother at her home in the Bronx and sallied forth on my own. After looking at several places, I finally

settled on a little house in Long Branch, New Jersey. The landlady seemed pleasant enough but I wasn't taking any chances.

"My wife is Japanese," I said, "and if you have any objections let's get it over with now."

"Did I ask?" said the landlady.

That settled that — and it also set the tenor of events to come.

Why she couldn't even take a walk on the streets of that town without total strangers bowing and smiling to her. It made me awfully proud of my country — and just a little bit ashamed of myself for the doubts I'd had.

Since then we've moved to West Point, and we have many, many friends in the surrounding communities. In fact I never had so many friends before I was married. Yuko has proved to me that the vast majority of Americans will take you as you are.

And that's why we're not the least bit worried about the future of our children. Yuko is expecting our first child now. And we're both sure that if we raise him to be God-fearing and friendly he'll get along.



The sweetest of all sounds is praise — XENOPHON

☆ It was Christmas Eve, and before going home he had had a few drinks with the fellows at the office, so he was feeling very happy as he passed through the gate at the station. "How long have you been doing this?" he asked the man who punched his ticket.

"Oh," said the ticket collector, "nearly twenty years."

The reveler studied his ticket carefully. "You do it very well," he said appreciatively.

— *Tatler*



Doings of a Democracy



BY HAROLD HELFER

- ✓ A bill being sponsored by State Representative Braswell Deen of Georgia would prohibit a chicken from crossing a road.
- ✓ Civil Defense Chairman Ernest Woolsey of Council Bluffs, Iowa, had advocated that the town should be alerted to danger not only by siren, but also by spraying the community with a mixture of powdered sugar and peppermint so that the warning could be both smelled and tasted.
- ✓ Joseph T. Taylor, who cooked for three Presidents, Truman, Harding and Roosevelt, has been hired to prepare the meals for the Douglas County, Nebraska, jail.
- ✓ A Lancaster, Wisconsin, lady was fined \$50 for throwing rotten eggs at a tax assessor.
- ✓ Fred Luce of Old Orchard Beach, Maine, has been brooding about whether his political career may be over. He recently was defeated for re-election as town clerk after holding various town offices for 63 years. Mr. Luce is 91.
- ✓ Legislator Wilbur R. Hamilton of Pennsylvania has been backing a bill to authorize jails to charge prisoners \$2.50 a day for cell rent.
- ✓ A citizen of Old Hickory, Tennessee, stopped his car at a red light in the middle of the night, and, finding he couldn't go forward because of icy roads when the light turned green, left his car, walked home, got his pistol, returned and shot out the traffic light.
- ✓ It seems that Majority Leader Norman K. Parsells of Connecticut's House of Representatives implied no threat to Governor Abraham A. Ribicoff when he declared: "We always hang our Governors." He was speaking in favor of authorizing the painting of an official portrait of the Governor.
- ✓ Members of a Memphis church decided to pay the expenses of the minister's wife to travel with him to a convention in Hawaii because "husbands can't be allowed to go running all over the globe by themselves."

ISCHIA



Capri's Rival

BY NIKLAS DEÁK

THE COACHMAN of the *carozza*, as we approached the *porto* of Naples, pointed out the massive, round towers of the *Castello Angioiano*. Just opposite is the much less conspicuous tourist wharf.

The bustle of Italy's second largest city was still ringing in my ears as I contemplated two signs at the pier: "Capri" and "Ischia." They indicated the destinations of the two little steamers there. Capri, alluring though it was as the sophisticated island par excellence, offered little in the way of the unknown.

But Ischia, the "Green Island," was comparatively virgin territory and I made up my mind to explore it. Moreover, I decided to go the native way. This meant taking a train to nearby Pozzuoli and from there the shorter passage to Ischia.



So I took a tram to the railroad station and went underground to board the *metropolitana*, the Neapolitan subway. After a ride under Naples we emerged and continued on the surface until we reached Pozzuoli, which lies about

nine miles west of *Napoli*.

As for my freighter, it turned out to be a small, unpretentious vessel, which, though heavily loaded with cargo, also carried a few passengers. For a couple of hours our boat rolled and pitched in a lively fashion and finally sailed into the circular harbor of Ischia.

This harbor had originally been a crater, which later filled with water and became a lake, until an approach from the sea was cut a hundred years ago. For Ischia, unlike Capri, is a volcanic island and a comparatively

young one. It emerged from the Mediterranean in the Tertiary period. Many earthquakes followed, some of them devastating in force and destruction. As late as the last century an earthquake shattered many villages. Mount Epomeo, the volcano in the center of the island, has been, however, silent since the year 1302 A.D.

As soon as I stepped ashore at Ischia I saw with satisfaction that everything was calm and leisurely here. The umbrella-like pine trees adorning the green hillside imparted a peaceful air. Hurry seemed to be banished. So was the obnoxious commercial spirit so prevalent in Naples.

I watched with pleasurable detachment some youngsters patiently holding fast to fishlines as they sat on the pier, while others of the *Ischitani* gathered in groups here and there, and still others guided a mule-drawn cart tottering over the cobblestones with its load of pint-sized barrels of wine.

As I proceeded to explore the streets and alleys of Ischia, I observed the pleasingly strange shape of the houses. There were rectangular blocks, seemingly heaped upon each other in a disorderly fashion, some pierced with semicircular openings onto terraces, accoutered with graceful arches, a ladder here, an open staircase there. The ensemble impressed me with its artistic appearance. The white and pastel col-

oring of the buildings further enhanced their esthetic value. These houses are the handiwork of Ischian artisans, builders in winter, fishermen in summer.

Strolling through the side streets and wedged-in canyons, I presently glimpsed the sea again, and rows upon rows of rusty-brown nets, spread out to dry on the sand or hung between poles. The boats, some with vertical bowsprits, lay idle on the beach, while here and there among them a fisherman sat and repaired a portion of a net. A couple of women were busy hanging clothes, which, white and fluttering in the gentle breeze, added an accent of animation.

Slowly, twilight enveloped the scene and the sky turned menacing with leaden, gray-brown clouds. Then, beyond this maze of clothes and nets, beyond the white foam of the breakers, I saw looming large and imposing the somber silhouette of a rocky islet. While I watched, the sky around it was split by a yellow streak of lightning, then another and another. Amidst this silent firework — there was no thunder — the gloomy rock and its citadel stood forth, a haunting image from the bygone medieval times. The rain started to pour with full force, until the clouds were emptied. Then it cleared up. The Aragonian Castle, named after the Spanish House of Aragon y D'Avalos, rulers of the island in the sixteenth century, reared calm and majestic, against the evening sky.

Through the centuries, Ischia and its detached stronghold, the Castle, saw many invasions, feuds and pillages at the hands of conquerors and pirates alike. The island witnessed the last, but this time welcome, invasion by "pirates" in 1951 when Burt Lancaster filmed the outdoor scenes of his burlesque motion picture, *The Crimson Pirate*, there.

Ischia is larger than Capri; it has 35,000 inhabitants dispersed among six towns and several villages. These towns are perched on green hills or abruptly descend to the seashore. Most of the *Ischitani* are fishermen. Others derive their livelihood from farming. In summer almost every family rents rooms to tourists.

I DECIDED to set up my headquarters in Ischia-Ponte, close to the Castle. I soon found a landlady in the person of *Signora* Di Massa. To reach my apartment, I had to pass through a narrow alley, up a few stairs, across a street with a sun-streaked façade of many balconies, through another little canyon and finally up to the second floor. There was my neat and spacious room — no running water, to be sure — but I did have a balcony of my own and a view across a labyrinth of rooftops, with the *Castello* itself in the background. I also had the choice of going down through a combination of other alleys — while guessing as to where I would emerge.

Once I landed right in the piazza where the boats are docked. Here I

encountered Giuseppe. He was tall and lean, with a face of many wrinkles and one broad smile that dominated all his features. "Giuseppe will show you how to catch *polipi*," he volunteered after a "Buon Giorno" as greeting *and* introduction.

Octopus fishing is characteristic of Ischia. We rowed out to Cartaromana in the vicinity of the Castle. Giuseppe stood face forward in the boat, propelling it with small, jerky strokes. As we approached the dark rocks with the Roman ruins he slowed down and started his show. He produced an earthenware jar with, so far as I could make out, some pebbles in it as bait. This he cautiously lowered into the water and after a short while pulled it in and picked out from it a slick, white creature, a baby octopus!

Whenever I wanted a haircut — or an old-fashioned chat — I went down to Mazzella's barbershop. Giovanni Mazzella is a barber by occupation, but in his heart he's a poet. I usually found him sitting — his charcoal eyes vividly shining in their frame of a sensitive face adorned with a wisp of a beard and a decorative mustache — in front of his favorite statue, a sort of Aphrodite, entirely absorbed in composing or playing his guitar.

Giovanni told me about the mythology of the island. "It begins with life on Olympus," he pointed out, "where Zeus reigned peacefully among the gods until one of the titans ignited a rebellion. This was

crushed, of course, the insurgents were thrown into the sea and each pinned to the bottom with a heap of earth."

"The one that holds Typhoeus captive is the island of Ischia?"

"Yes. The titan, however, was incapable of submission and wriggled and writhed, spitting fire in his wrath."

"These outbursts must be the eruptions and earthquakes," I guessed.

"They are," confirmed Giovanni, "and the catastrophes were so frequent that finally Venus had to intervene. Indeed she succeeded so well that Typhoeus not only promised to desist from further mischief but requested that his repentant tears be transformed into healing wells for the benefit of all mankind."

"A very poetic background," I said, "to the many thermal baths of Ischia."

ONE morning Giovanni and I — he had closed his shop for the day — set out to see the whole island. We drove through Ischia-Porto, along the pine-studded sea-shore and into the next town, Casamicciola — its name meaning "tiny house." On the piazza here Giovanni called my attention to a plaque commemorating Ibsen's sojourn while he wrote "Peer Gynt."

"Many famous artists have their summer residence here," said my friend as we arrived in Forio, the largest town on Ischia. "There are the British composer Sir William

Walton," he went on, "and the German composer Hans Werner."

Soon an elderly man approached us and asked whether we wanted to rent some rooms. I said I had my room in Ischia, but when he reduced the price to 100 lire a day — a mere 15 cents — my curiosity gained the upper hand. It was a vacant house overlooking the roofs of the others and had a large terrace with white, irregular walls around it. Its isolation, its view of the harbor on one side, the sombre and imposing Epomeo on the other, were really unique, but, I already had my room in Ischia.

As we rode along the coast to Ciglio we came across a strange house built on a rock, as if fusing with it, and another built into the rock. "The rocks were there," rationalized Giovanni, "poverty and need did the rest." On the seashore I wondered at the holes in the hillside. "They're wine cellars," said Giovanni.

We took to the road again, and arrived in Serrara Fontana, the highest town on Ischia. Here we left the car and set out to climb the Epomeo.

From the summit we could see the Pontine Islands, some fifty miles westward. The Gulf of Naples unfolded at our feet. My gaze could sweep in a great semicircle from Ischia to Procida, through Cape Miseno to Naples and Vesuvius, touch Sorrento and rest briefly on Capri before it was lost on the blue Mediterranean beyond.

"*Che magnifico!*" exclaimed Giovanni, enraptured. And I agreed.

MICHELANGELO OF THE NEW WORLD

BY OMER HENRY

WHEN asking to decorate the Capitol's interior Constantino Brumidi, distinguished Italian portraitist, wrote: "I have no longer any desire for fame or fortune. My one ambition and my daily prayer is that I may live long enough to make beautiful the Capitol of the one country on earth in which there is freedom."

His patient devotion for more than a quarter of a century to the embellishment of the Capitol has been aptly compared with that of Michelangelo's to St. Peter's Cathedral.

American artists — and certain writers — keenly resented a foreigner's decorating the Capitol. Mark Twain called Brumidi's work the "delirium tremens of art" while others declared that the Capitol's walls would look better whitewashed than covered with Brumidi's "gaudy" paintings.

But Brumidi continued to paint and, when he became naturalized, proudly signed his work, "C. Brumidi, citizen of the United States."

Then one day while working on the panel depicting Penn's Treaty with the Indians, a part of the fresco frieze high in the rotunda, he fell

from the scaffold, miraculously escaping immediate death.

It soon became apparent that he could not return to his beloved assignment. He called in Fillipo Costagini, an artist friend, and asked him to complete the frieze.

Costagini painted seven panels in the band, leaving a 32-foot gap. Then, for more than half a century, America's Number One showplace — the Capitol — stood with its interior decoration unfinished.

Finally, after much argument, it was agreed to use the available space for three panels — one showing peace after the Civil War, another representing the Spanish-American War, and the third recording pictorially the birth of aviation.

Artist Allyn Cox of New York painted the final panels of this historic band. His work, like that of the earlier artists, is in fresco — oil paints worked into wet plaster — and resembles that of Brumidi and Costagini so closely that only a professional can distinguish the difference.

Today this monumental work is a highlight of every American's visit to the Capitol — and a mute testimony to the complete devotion of one citizen who came from across the sea.

RADIO

forever

By WILLIAM SAROYAN



I WAS at Longfellow Junior High in Fresno, California when the Era of the Radio began. That would be about thirty-five years ago, and I was twelve years old at the time. Until the arrival of Radio I had got my music out of a Victor wind-up table model phonograph, and my news out of newspapers, *The Fresno Evening Herald* in particular, since I sold that paper. I also picked up a little music at the Sunday afternoon and evening Band Concerts in the Court House Park, and I picked up a little news in the saloons I went into to sell papers, backstage at the Hippodrome Theatre, and at the public library.

Now, according to many people, the Era of the Radio is in decline, and the Era of Television is ascending.

Even so, I remain devoted to the radio. Nothing can take the place of it for the working writer. All he's got to do is get up in the morning, turn on the radio, sit down, go to work, and forget the radio. As he works, the best music in the world

keeps him company, played off Long Playing records. And if his work goes well, before he knows it he will have heard six or seven hours of music, and at the same time put in a good day of work, without for a moment needing to divert his attention from his work.

I'd like to see a writer get any work done while he watches television, though. It just can't be done. Television is an after-work luxury that very few writers can afford. Besides being compelled to watch the stuff that is supposed to be entertaining, anybody watching television has got to watch a lot of advertising, and he's got to listen to a lot of shouting about something or other he already uses or has or doesn't use and never wants to have. Of course successful radio does its share of shouting and advertising, too, but only if you are willing to turn to a big network station, and I hardly ever am. Give me the little station every time: just good music and soft-spoken announcers.

Now and then, though, Sundays especially, I tune in the big network stations, and one of the New Idea programs I have listened to is something called Biographies in Sound, which is an inaccurate tag in the first place — what they probably mean is Somebody Talked About. I heard the one about George Bernard Shaw twice, and I heard three or four others once (because they were done only once). It is a good program.

The reason it's a good program is that everybody likes to hear what people have to say about somebody or other — and anybody will do. It doesn't have to be George Bernard Shaw, but then of course everybody still wants everything to be very big, very important and very special — with the result that almost everything is almost always very nearly boring, too.

Another Sunday program, in the new trend, is called Conversation. Three or four people chat about something or other, almost as if it were nothing, as if nobody were listening, as if they were quite sure no kind of history was being made.

Of course Invitation to Learning is even better than Conversation, one of the best Sunday programs ever. It is pretty much the original of Conversation, only finer, much more truly conversational, and while it never tries to appeal to absolutely everybody in the nation it comes a lot nearer to being appealing than Conversation does. The attitude of Lyman Bryson, that it is not shock-

ing for anybody to speak intelligently seems to encourage anybody who happens to be listening to believe that it isn't difficult, or wrong, or a waste of time to *listen* to people speaking intelligently, either.

LATELY there's a new one, but I don't understand it yet. It's called Monitor. A girl coos the weather as if she were standing under the nose of her lover, looking up into his big blue eyes. What's *that* all about? There are interviews with very very VERY famous people who just naturally act as if they were no better than anybody else, hardly. There are news reports, baseball scores, new songs, old songs, telephone calls, and the reading of telegrams and cablegrams. As I say, I don't get it yet.

Oh, I understand it's a big network trying to hustle up a little business, but why does the girl coo the weather?

P.S. Away back in 1929 a National Board to Determine the Proper Use of Radio sent me a questionnaire. I answered six or seven hundred questions, and then under Remarks made a few suggestions, and year by year I have seen my suggestions put to work, the latest being Conversation. Wait till they get to Don't Shout, Don't Get Excited, Take It Easy, It's All Right, You'll Sell Even More of the Junk if You'll Just Not Get Hysterical.

P.P.S. Bob and Ray are great — the funniest comedy team in years.



Sharpen Your Tongue



By J. E. SCHMIDT

Do you sometimes find yourself groping for a word — the one with “just the right shade of meaning”? You do? Good! This quiz is for you then. Select the right word for each of the following situations from the group of four choices. Allow yourself 10 points for each one you have right. Passing score is 60. Answers are on page 113.

(1) When we think of good taste and propriety in speech, dress or behavior, we have in mind: (A) defalcation, (B) gaucherie, (C) vandalism, (D) decorum.

★

(2) To delete supposedly indelicate or offensive matter from a book or other publication is to: (A) emprise, (B) can-onize, (C) moralize, (D) bowdlerize.

★

(3) The study or science of ancient writings is called: (A) micrography, (B) macrography, (C) paleography, (D) paleontology.

★

(4) An athletic contest which involves both boxing and wrestling is a: (A) gymnasium, (B) pancratium, (C) pal-staff, (D) pancreatin.

★

(5) Caustic remarks, biting criticisms or searing allusions are often described in a somewhat figurative sense by the term: (A) vicissitudes, (B) viragoes, (C) vitriolics, (D) usurpations.

(6) Something given to poor people to help them in their distress, as food, clothes or money, is called: (A) solace, (B) debentures, (C) alms, (D) gratuity.

★

(7) The practice of dealing with serious matters in a spirit of good humor is described as: (A) Pan-slavism, (B) pan-spermatism, (C) Pantagruelism, (D) panpsychism.

★

(8) The happy days of one's past are often described by an adjective which is based on the name of a bird. The word is: (A) paradisiac, (B) Attic, (C) halcyon, (D) plebeian.

★

(9) A word, phrase or sentence which reads the same backward and forward is termed a: (A) palimpsest, (B) palin-drome, (C) anagram, (D) acrostic.

★

(10) The branch of zoology dealing with birds is known as: (A) penology, (B) ornithology, (C) scatology, (D) histology.

Peace with Honor

FOR CYPRUS?

By Henry C. Atyeo

CYPRUS, strategically located island for the air and naval command of the entire eastern Mediterranean, came into British hands through the machinations of the "honest broker" of Europe — Otto von Bismarck. It was not that Bismarck cared for the people of Cyprus, who had been under Turkish rule for centuries — or, for that matter, for the rights of any other Mediterranean people of whom he said, "They are not worth the bones of a Pomeranian grenadier." He was simply pleased to conclude the Berlin Conference of 1879 on the basis of "peace with honor."

Lord Salisbury, delegate from Britain to the Conference, was satisfied too, because Britain could thus further protect her lifeline to India and checkmate any Russian move through Turkey into the Mediterranean area. The French delegate, Monsieur William Waddington, was equally happy, because he received assurances that French penetration and occupation of Tunis would not be stopped by the great powers.

Now, 75 years after the Conference, Britain stakes her claim to govern her Crown colony of Cyprus on the same principle and right that was used then — the danger of Russian expansion southward. When the "Convention of Defensive Alliance" was drawn up between Turkey and Britain in 1879, Article I stated that "if any attempt shall be made at any future time by Russia to take possession of any further territories . . . England will join . . . in defending them by force of arms. [Further] in order to enable England to make necessary provision for executing her engagement . . . the island of Cyprus [is] to be occupied and administered by England."

Similar words recently re-echoed in the halls of the House of Commons when Mr. Hopkinson, the British Minister of State for the Colonies, declared: "Nothing less than continued sovereignty over the island [Cyprus] will enable the United Kingdom to carry out its strategic obligations to Europe, the Mediterranean and the Middle East."

To the Cypriotes and Greeks there is another point of view, expressed by President Wilson only a few years after Britain completely annexed Cyprus — the right of a people to self-determination of government. The flame for independence has been fanned by the Greeks who claim that Cyprus is a “natural part” of Greece and that *enosis* — union with Greece — is only a matter of the fair recognition of facts. Four-fifths of the population of 500,000 are Greeks; less than one-fifth are Turks.

The Greek Orthodox Church on Cyprus is not only the center of religious unity but also, interestingly enough, the spearhead of the independence movement. The Church took the initiative five years ago and held an unofficial plebiscite in which it was claimed that the people voted almost unanimously against British control. More recently the British have felt it necessary to send some church leaders to prison on the charge of “treason” and to deprive others of their episcopal duties.

Archbishop Makarios, the ethnarch of Cyprus, has become the leader to unite all Cypriotes against continued British rule and to use the church services to instill the idea of independence. Last January, immediately after Archbishop Makarios returned from Greece, an overflow congregation of six or seven thousand worshippers surged forth at the end of a service with cries of “We are ready” and “Liberty or death.”

THE BRITISH maintain that Cyprus has never been owned by Greece and that there is no good reason for it now. In fact, during the Persian Wars (490–480 B.C.) and the Golden Age of Greece, the Cypriotes cast their lot with the “Medes and Persians” and fought against the Greeks in that famous East-West struggle. The island later became an allied state of Alexander’s far-flung empire and eventually a Roman province.

In succession it was ruled by the Byzantines, the Arabians and the Knights Templar, who bought it from Richard the Lion Hearted, British leader in the Third Crusade. It was later ruled by the Venetians until the Turks landed an army of 60,000 on the northern shore and quickly subdued all opposition. The Turks ruled it for two centuries until the British gained it in “peace and honor.”

Not only do the Greeks have no legal claim to the island but, say the British, occupation has brought numerous benefits to the people. The British point to greater stability of government and economy than found in many eastern Mediterranean countries. In 1947 the British provided a new constitution which gave some democratic privileges but still left real control in the hands of the Governor and Council.

Agitation in the last few months has led the British to propose a more liberal constitution which the Greek Cypriotes reject. Since it does not give the local government autonomy

and power over taxation, the Greeks feel that it falls short of Dominion status, and thus deprives them of any legal opportunity of *enosis*. The British make it quite clear that they will not consider any plan which gives independence to Cyprus.

THE STRATEGIC importance of Cyprus as the British bastion in the eastern Mediterranean has long been emphasized. Shortly after the close of World War II, Britain lost control of two protectorates, Palestine and Iraq. Even more recently she has released her control over the Sudan, Egypt and even the eastern lifeline itself, the Suez Canal. Ironically enough, the British permitted the Sudanese to hold a plebiscite to determine their future independence or union with Egypt, while she has continuously denied the same privilege to the Cypriotes.

The Greeks and Cypriotes maintain that Britain would suffer no real losses in air, naval and military installations if Cyprus did become a part of Greece. Just as England has protected her interests in other parts of the Middle East by agreements through which she can immediately take over airfields, ports and army posts in case of attack, so too could she retain all the defense installations on Cyprus. Besides, any aggression by an outside power upon countries in the Middle East would immediately involve Greece, Turkey and Britain as members of NATO. British emphasis upon the necessity

of holding Cyprus as a defense outpost is at least diminished, if not negated, by the Mediterranean Command which links the Western countries with those of Greece and Turkey in a common alliance. The recent addition of Pakistan and Iraq to the Western defense system helps to create a chain of allied countries in which Cyprus can play an important but not exclusive part.

The Greeks insist that in permitting a plebiscite in Cyprus, arranged and conducted by an international organization, the British would not only carry out their policy of the right of self-determination of colonial peoples, but also guarantee for themselves the optimum of friendship and cooperation on the part of eastern Mediterranean countries, upon whom they must ultimately depend both in peace and in war.

The request for an international organization to conduct a plebiscite was presented a year ago to the United Nations by the Greek representative, Alexis Kyrrou. In making a request for a discussion of the "Cyprus question," Kyrrou stated that he was not presenting a territorial claim against Britain but only requesting the right of self-determination as guaranteed by the Charter. Should the people of Cyprus, he cleverly insisted, vote for union with any other country than that of Greece, the dictum of the people would be respected.

In the lengthy discussions which followed in the Political and Secu-

rity Committee, the British delegate threatened to walk out if "contentious and purposeless discussion" continued. Finally, in a tempered New Zealand resolution, the Committee, and later the Assembly, voted to postpone action.

IMMEDIATE reaction to the Assembly's decision to postpone action resulted in demonstrations, accompanied by minor riots in Athens and on Cyprus. Agitation for *enosis* increased with rising tempo until August when the Foreign Ministers of Britain, Greece and Turkey met in London to seek a new formula for peace. Sharp clashes in debate served only to intensify the issue and diplomatic discussions soon reverberated in crashing glass from a bomb explosion in the Turkish embassy in Salonika, Greece. Unfortunate reports in the Turkish press touched off angry, retaliatory rioting against the Greeks living in Turkish cities. Only declaration of martial law in three cities and the rumble of army tanks through the streets brought quiet again. Even the NATO Council hurriedly convened in Paris to consider, for the first time in its history, a rift among its members. Turkey rightly offered apologies and promised indemnifications.

Failure of the Conference of Foreign Ministers in London speedily led to a request that the Cyprus issue be placed on the agenda of the tenth annual meeting of the United Nations Assembly in September. Amid

the opening ceremonies and keynote addresses the Steering Committee of the Assembly discussed the request and rejected it. The attitude of the Committee was reflected in the reasoned appeal of Anthony Nutting, British Minister of State, when he insisted that through "bitter debate" in the Assembly "passions would be still further inflamed." He fervently reiterated the British position for the past several years in affirming that "constructive and far-reaching proposals are designed to lead to the fullest measure of internal self-government compatible with the strategic requirements of the present international situation."

It may well be that the decision of the Committee was a wise one. The issue has become larger than the right of the Cypriotes to self-determination; it involves the whole relationship of Greece to Turkey and of both to the United Kingdom at a time when the defense of the Free World through NATO is of paramount importance. There are many complex factors and relationships which must be considered before a people should break allegiance with a colonial power and join another country. King Paul in Greece, in counseling his people to accept the Assembly's first decision, affirmed a basic concept of history when he said: "Mankind marches slowly but certainly toward freedom and the application of principles which were believed in by Greek philosophers and adopted by Christianity."



THE HOSPITAL THAT'S ALL AT SEA

RECENTLY E. Hoyt Palmer, executive director of St. John's Guild in New York, was handed a newspaper which, except for two words, was printed entirely in Arabic. The words so familiar that translation into Arabic was unnecessary were "Floating Hospital."

As superintendent of the world's only full-time hospital ship, Palmer is accustomed to receiving such oral and written bouquets in as many languages as New York's polyglot millions command, which are many indeed. Although the city's slum occupants are not given to verbosity, the community spirit generated by this famous hospital-on-water makes even the phlegmatic East Sider garrulous.

The Guild's Floating Hospital is actually a summertime clinic where medical, dental and psychological treatment is provided free to New York's underprivileged children. Where continuing or elaborate care is indicated, referrals are made to outside agencies.

The Floating Hospital had its beginning 80 years ago when the *New York Times* asked readers for contributions to assist the under-

By Arthur Larsen

fed and homeless newsboys in New York City. The money collected was used to charter a boat and several cruises were conducted, but in subsequent years the operation became too much for the *Times* and was turned over to St. John's Guild. The Guild, which about that time severed its connection with Trinity Parish and became a non-sectarian organization, purchased its first hospital ship and has had one on the water ever since.

In those days disease was so prevalent that in equipping its ship the Guild had to provide a facility which happily is no longer required — a morgue. During that medically unenlightened period it was inevitable that in any assemblage of children several would be dead before the day ended.

Fortunately, the thousands of children assisted by the Guild today have little worry on that score. Six mornings a week during school vacation a thousand mothers, babies and children troop aboard the Floating Hospital, those



convalescing from illnesses or simply in need of sunshine and a square meal arriving on foot, the crippled, blind, polio and spastic cases on chartered buses.

DURING the day-long cruise there are games, arts and crafts, music, movies and even showers which, surprising as it may seem, are such a luxury to slum area kids that they are welcomed eagerly. Babies are cared for in a nursery located within screaming distance of their mothers; formula is provided for the infants, sandwiches and milk for the other passengers. In between fun there is dental and medical treatment, some boys and girls holding season passes so their physical condition will be perfect before school begins.

A section of one deck is set aside for the crippled youngsters, not to segregate them but to permit the staff to give particular care to this group. As one pretty recreation leader puts it: "Every once in a while we're thrilled to find that one of the crippled children has managed to navigate the stairs to the upper deck to join the other boys and girls. That's a wonderful sign and we're all delighted when it happens. We also find that the normal children often wander into the handicapped group, something we also encourage."

In recent years a psychologist has been added to the staff, though it

was some time before suspicion of the word "psychologist" had dimmed sufficiently to have it painted on the office door. During one outing eight-year-old Dorothy burst into the psychologist's office three times without saying a word but finally, on the fourth trip, told him firmly: "People come in here to tell you their troubles; well, I've got troubles."



E. Hoyt Palmer, who has been running the Floating Hospital for nine years, is a calm, pipe-smoking Presbyterian minister with a deep interest in all kids (he has five of his own). "Actually, the fact that I'm a minister has nothing to do with my job since we don't conduct religious services and make no attempts to 'sell' religion. But I like to think that Christianity is reflected in our actions and attempts to help the children."

Thanks to Palmer and a staff deliberately chosen to be as representative as New York itself (it is likely to comprise Negroes, Chinese, South Africans, Estonians, Germans, Cubans and Swiss), few racial incidents occur. If something unpleasant does crop up in spite of the vigilance of Guild employees, it is quickly and firmly squelched. Actually, veteran social workers, accustomed to dealing with hostility and intolerance among slum families, are amazed by the lack of race consciousness aboard the ship.

THE COST of maintaining the hospital runs to some \$100,000 a year, roughly one-quarter being provided by New York City, the balance through private contributions, rental income, etc. Staffing the ship is sometimes a problem because salaries are necessarily modest, but college students seeking degrees in psychology and social studies take up a good deal of the slack.

Inevitably there are times when one of the staff becomes discouraged or weary and resigns. "All right," Palmer is likely to answer. "But stay home two days first and then come back." The vacation does the trick. "It's like the kids—we haven't lost one yet," Palmer grins.

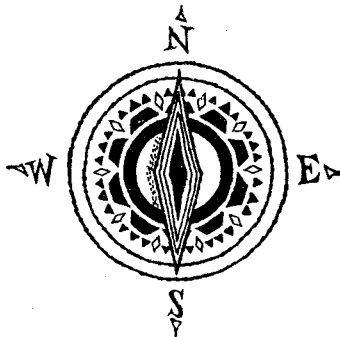
As Palmer's remark indicates, the safety record of the Floating Hospital is just another of its remarkable achievements. In spite of hauling thousands of inquisitive, active youngsters ever year, only one has ever gone overboard. A rescue boat is kept in readiness at all times, just

in case, but the presence of a policeman and fireman is a reminder that safety rules must be followed. So cautious is the Guild that a tugboat tows the ship on its cruises; since the waterborne hospital has no engine, potentially explosive fuel needn't be kept aboard.

The hospital becomes a living thing to many children. A nine-year-old girl once wrote to her friend, the Floating Hospital:

"My dear ship, it is lonesome here. I don't know why my mother and father moved away to Iowa where there are no ships. I just sit in my wheelchair now and once in a while I see a bird, but that is not like seeing the water and the trip and talking to Joe and Betty and my dear doctor there. I hope someday maybe I will get well and come back to see all of my friends. I pray for you every day. Love, Margie."

To the good folks at the St. John's Guild, this is the sort of tribute that makes their efforts worth-while.



D I S A S T E R A H E A D ?

By Eric Tarnley

THE MASTER fact in the world situation — a fact which is conveniently overlooked by most American writers and commentators — is that Russia's prime objective in its present maneuvers is the winning of time. And a short-sighted American leadership is giving Russia and her satellites this all-important objective.

In doing this they are perhaps signing the death warrant of this republic. Time is a matter of life and death to world Communism. While a peace-blinded American people drown themselves in the vodka of "peaceful existence," Communism cynically prepares for the world showdown which it sees in the years ahead. That showdown will come when Communism finds itself strong enough to strike.

Let us consider how world Communism is using the priceless factor of time to its strategic advantage. Four basic but related activities are being furthered by the time gift which America is so irresponsibly offering. These are:

- (1) The liquidation of opposition in the Communist countries.
- (2) The upbuilding and consolidation of their productive resources in preparation for a future world war.
- (3) The perfecting of intercontinental ballistic missiles.
- (4) The infiltration of their agents into strategic positions in our nation in preparation for conquest.

An analysis of these four Soviet operations will place the actual present situation realistically before us.

The liquidation of anti-Communists in the Iron Curtain nations is steadily strengthening the Red leaders and eliminating the possibility of a revolt of the peoples. The existence of widespread unrest behind the Iron Curtain has been authenticated by all responsible reports which have reached us. In the case of Red China it was spectacularly instanced by the 14,209 Red Army prisoners of war who, after the Korea armistice, chose to go to Formosa rather than return to the Communists. The Free World has millions of friends behind the Iron Curtain. Their presence is a powerful threat to the Red rulers in

the event of war — they are the Achilles heel of the Communist leadership.

Unfortunately, unless we do something about it, this resistance factor within the Red world is certain to diminish and well-nigh disappear as the years pass. Without outside aid and encouragement, the anti-Communists will grow disheartened and give up the struggle.

In Red China, as recently as 1952, a total of 1,000,000 guerrillas were reported to be operating clandestinely behind the lines in Mainland China, many of them directed by short wave from Formosa. Most of these resisters have now about given up the fight. Few enclaves of rebellion are still operating. In the case of China, irresolute American policies are primarily responsible for this shrinkage of the resistance. Instead of aiding and encouraging the 1,000,000 who were ready to fight our battle, Washington permitted them to wither on the vine.

Such irresponsible disregard of long range strategic factors has been characteristic of American policy throughout the Cold War. Our words have often been realistic, but our deeds have been stupid.

Aside from Communist repression, one factor which is certain to wipe out much of the anti-Communist opposition in the Red countries is the disappearance of the pre-Communist generation. The mortality tables work for Communism. We may expect few resistance leaders

from the youth generation which has grown up, or is growing up, indoctrinated under Communism.

The time to encourage resistance to Communism in the satellite nations is now while there are still millions of potential resisters. This irrefutable fact was recognized by the United States in 1952 by the passage of the Kersten Amendment. It has been given lip service by the many Americans who have generously supported the Crusade for Freedom. Unfortunately, little has been done by those in authority to implement it, as "Liberation" has been replaced by "co-existence" as the slogan of the Administration.

WORLD Communism is also winning on the level of consolidation of its resources, territory and personnel in preparation for World War III. The program target of the Communist nations in this field is the consolidation of Russia, China and most of Asia and North Africa into a single co-continuous economic unit — prosperous, teeming with a technically trained productive population, and invincible to outside attack. Such a vast coordinated population mass, if unchecked, will inevitably dominate the world.

A preliminary step toward this grandiose objective is the development of wide-scale East-West trade. The Communist rulers have estimated that they can shorten their preparedness timetable by several years if they can induce the Free

World to strengthen the Red economy by strategic goods and exchange of know-how.

We are witnessing the first rumblings of this inauguration of East-West trade in the present obscene scramble of British, French and American traders for Communist trade. The propaganda for East-West trade has become the principal activity of the pro-Communist stooges in all the Free countries. It is snowballing as the months pass.

Even the United States, which does not need Soviet trade, is swallowing the Moscow bait. Washington is steadily weakening the ban on shipment of strategic goods — a ban which was not effectively enforced. The Department of Commerce reports that during 1954 we carried on a trade with the Iron Curtain countries of \$1,615,000,000. This was five times the total for 1953.

The importance to the Reds of the imports which they are obtaining from the United States and the other free nations can only be gauged in the light of the projects which Russia and Red China are now feverishly pushing.

One of these projects is transportation. Communist blue-prints call for a great modern communication system which will interconnect Siberia, and its burgeoning war industries, with the untapped resources of Red China. An important link in that network — a railway between Alma Ata in the Uzbek Republic of Southeast Siberia and

the Sinkiang border — is already nearing completion.

Another Red master project, still on the planning boards, is a railway connecting Urumchi and Kashgar, spanning the whole vast province of Sinkiang. Another line which will connect with this trunk is now under construction from Lanchow to Pingfan. These are but geographic names to the average reader but in terms of logistics they mean a continuous rail route between the wealth of Northwest China and Siberia. When they are completed, the Russian and the Chinese economy will be interconnected into a single throbbing productive machine.

An American export policy, which blindly disregards the danger of vastly strengthening the economy of an enemy who is pledged to our destruction, will lead to disaster.

ANOTHER Communist program which looms like a baleful shadow on the backdrop of our American future is Soviet atomic development. We know little or nothing about this development except that it is far advanced. And yet our American leaders at Geneva seriously proposed that we exchange our atomic know-how with Russia!

Given the respite of time, and aided by the blind co-existence policies of the free nations, the Communist bloc in a relatively few years will have lifted its economy to a height comparable to our own. And this will be the signal for World War

III. We of the Free World will have been in the unique position of having helped to fabricate our own destroyer.

However, the Communists, on their strategic chessboard, have worked out an alternative plan which, if successful, can bring us to our knees more quickly. They will use intercontinental ballistic missiles.

The intercontinental ballistic missile is a pilotless rocket designed to reach America in less than one hour, from Russian launching platforms. It does not need to be guided all along its course to the target. It is the ultimate weapon of world conquest.

The American people must not deceive themselves concerning Soviet ability to perfect this weapon. With the aid of German rocket experts and scientists, who were prevented from coming to America, it is within possibility that the Russians will have intercontinental ballistic missiles in from two to five years. If they have the help of traitors in our midst, they may be able to shorten this period even further.

We can understand the present Soviet zeal for "Peace" in the light of this ballistic missile possibility. Russia needs only to reassure the Free World by two to five years of pretended peacefulness, and she will have the weapon of world conquest in her hands. Even if the United States, in the meantime, should have perfected the same weapon, Russia

still will have the advantage because she can strike first.

American political ethical concepts make it unthinkable that the United States should strike the first offensive blow in a world war. The Soviets expect, with the help of traitors within the United States, to paralyze the American capacity to resist, before an effective counter-attack can be mounted. In this expectation they are probably right unless we awaken.

Certainly, with this possibility before them of crushing America by a pushbutton attack, the Communists will not be likely to risk an old-style war in the interim. They will play the sure thing. For this reason, their present "Peace" overtures become understandable.

BUT Russia has yet another weapon in its arsenal to reinforce her others. This is the weapon of skillful infiltration of the enemy. It is the weapon of placing her agents and dupes at the choke points of the American war apparatus. The practiced skill of Communism in accomplishing this stealthy task has been shockingly revealed to the American people during the last eight years.

The present particular targets of Red infiltration in America are the Department of Defense, the Atomic Energy Commission, the Central Intelligence Agency, the National Security Council, and all major defense plants and communications centers. How far the Communists

have succeeded in placing their stooges in these agencies is extremely difficult to ascertain. Only the most effective security system, supported by all American officials, can throw a screen around our sensitive agencies which can halt the infiltrators.

Unfortunately, with suicidal perversity, a great army of so-called "Liberal" Americans, aided by columnists, radio and TV commentators and by many of the nation's intellectuals, are furiously engaged in a campaign to discredit the security system.

The same Left-wing writers and publicists who are most insistent upon an American policy of appeasement and co-existence with Russia are loudest in their denunciations of anti-Communist vigilance in our government. They are the most scornful in their denial that there are spies and infiltrators in high places, and the most outspoken in their abuse of government anti-Communist agencies. All of which, wittingly or unwittingly, plays dangerously into the hands of Russia's long range plans.

BUT there is a psychological danger in the present appeasement and co-existence thinking of so many of the American people. The time comes when appeasement becomes a compulsive habit.

Many Americans will be still appeasing when the guided missiles begin to drop and the knives of the traitors are plunged into our backs.

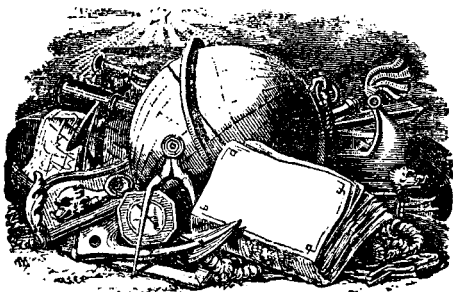
The Left-wing irresolution, in the face of Communism, is a doctrinal drug which eventually destroys its victim. Russia, sustained by its fanatical faith, may well believe in its final victory as it contemplates those who have been deciding American and British policy during the post-war years. The Russians may well believe that they are heading for a painless conquest.

In view of their past performance, it would not be surprising to find some of our Left-wing writers and public figures arguing on decision day that "Peace" with world Communism, after all, is not so bad, and that the real enemies who must be liquidated are the wicked anti-Communists who have provoked Russia. The irrationality of the co-existence mind leads inexorably to such an absurdity. For appeasement is a habit-forming narcotic.

America is approaching the most dangerous period of her long contest with world Communism. It is a period in which we may lose our whole fight for survival because of the delusions which are in our own minds. The sands in the hourglass are fast running out for American anti-Communist policy. If, in our hunger for peace, we allow Communism to win the precious battle for time, we face the strong prospect of actual annihilation.

It is for these total stakes that Communism is now maneuvering shrewdly with the weakly-chosen statesmen of the Free World.

World Makers



CHICAGO, Indianapolis and Bryan, Ohio, have one thing in common. They are the only United States cities where the “world makers” live and pursue their unique calling. This highly skilled group of men and women, working in seven busy factories, produces several thousand globes each day — from tiny six-inchers to monsters more than four feet in diameter and weighing 750 pounds. They range in price from about \$2 to just under \$1,000.

To visit any one of these seven American globe manufacturers is a fascinating experience. In a sort of “cosmic mill” atmosphere of terrestrial charts and maps, spheres and gluepots, you watch worlds in the making, beginning with the initial map drawing, coloring, forming of spheres, right down to the finished product, spinning on its axis.

Globe making, one of the most ancient of industries, burgeons on world strife, war causing sales to shoot up, and peacetime bringing a slump. Before World War I, globes were considered mainly as tools for

BY ROBERT M. HYATT

scientists and scholars and for school use. Few homes owned one. The American public simply was not interested in doings outside its borders. War headlines caused a mild globe consciousness — but when America eventually became drawn in, sales zoomed.

Peace brought a slump. But with the attack on Pearl Harbor, there was an unprecedented demand for globes, which manufacturers had difficulty filling. Many buyers had a personal stake in the activities of troops, the victories and repulses of allied forces, because loved ones were involved. The Korean war brought another rush to buy. Sporadic flare-ups all over the Far East have kept sales steady.

There is another factor responsible for the healthy growth of globe sales: the use of the globe as a travel consultant. More and more Americans, once content with a vacation trek of a few hundred miles, are visiting far distant lands.

Planning a foreign trip, you don't drag out domestic road maps. You open the atlas — and are promptly led astray. Flat maps, such as appear in atlases and touring folders, are misleading. They distort geographical locations and contours of countries, shrink land and water masses. Only the globe shows authentic sizes and shapes and distances — because the globe is a miniature model of the earth itself.

Plotting your proposed route on the hemispherical map gives you knowledge you never possessed. Take the time dial. With it you learn that when it is 10 A.M. in Los Angeles, it is midnight in Bombay. There are always *two days* going on at the same time on earth. In long-distance travel, going west you advance a day. Going east you go back one. Your globe is marked with the International Date Line, usually a mystery to non-travelers. On a junket to Australia, for example, your ship reaches the mythical line on a Tuesday. Steam across it, and it is Wednesday. If the direction of travel is east from Australia, Tuesday becomes Monday. We listen to tomorrow's newscast from Formosa *today!*

On your globe, you find that the earth is divided into 24 time zones, each an area of 15 degrees of longitude apart. We gain or lose an hour each time we travel a distance equal to 15 degrees of longitude.

Yes, that gaudy map ball is intriguing. On fairly large models

you'll find much information that makes contemplation of the trip almost as interesting as the trip itself. Air and ship routes are there, with all ports of call. Railroads of every country are shown. So are mountain ranges, famous parks, glaciers, even ocean currents.

Using the globe to plot your vacation trip is fascinating and educational; but watching worlds in the making is a real treat. First, you go to the cartographers' department, where globe maps are drawn. This is a highly skilled art. The cartographer, planning a new globe map, must spend weeks studying books and existing maps from ours and all other governments. Each new model of globe contains more information than the last because history advances at high speed these days.

LIKE many other scientists, cartographers work overtime during and after wars. Mostly it's a matter of erasing old boundaries, drawing in new, and emphasizing place names under the news spotlight. For example, World War II globes prominently mention Corregidor, Bataan, Iwo Jima, etc. Currently manufactured globes have a liberal sprinkling of Indo-Chinese place names.

The globe map is drawn and lithographed in long elliptical strips called "gores" — usually 12 to a globe. Printed globe maps have been made since 1507, and the method of applying them to the ball has changed little in four centuries.

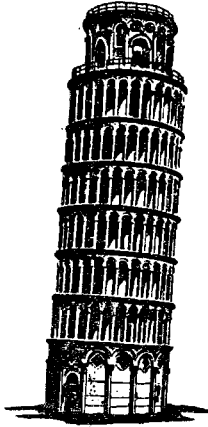
VISITORS to a globe factory always want to know, "How do they get the map on the ball?" This is the most exacting task of all. Globe coverers, who usually spend at least two years learning their trade, paste the gores on one at a time. The 12 strips must fit perfectly, or the globe is discarded. Top craftsmen will cover about ten 12-inch or eight 16-inch globes a day.

The spheres are made of pressed steel, aluminum, strawboard (paper), wood and glass. The latter are often illuminated with an electric light inside. The giant 50-inch globe made by Weber Costello of Chicago is constructed of small pieces of cherry wood, glued and doweled together. It weighs 750 pounds. This model, built to special order for the Office of Strategic Services, required ten months of exacting full-time efforts of cartographers and platemakers.

After the gores are pasted on, the globe is sprayed with lacquer and ends up in the final assembly department, where the steel axis rod is inserted, and it is hung in its meridian at an angle of $23\frac{1}{2}$ degrees — the angle at which the earth tilts as it spins around the sun.

The visitor is always astounded at the precision that goes into globe making, much of it minute handwork. His real amazement comes

when he learns something of the dramatic history behind that very modern looking map ball. It began back in 150 B.C. when a Greek grammarian named Crates made the first known world globe, which was ten feet in diameter. Probably before Crates' time, Egyptian and Chinese astronomers, who knew the world was round, were using celestial globes of their own manufacture.



From the very earliest times, globes have appealed vividly to the imagination. Kings and aristocrats, interested in the arts and sciences, started many a globe maker on the road to fame. Even the immortal Leonardo da Vinci felt the romance of copying the

world in miniature and drew a set of globe maps for a friend. From the remotest beginnings there appears to have been keen competition among globe makers to create the biggest and most elaborate globes. A Venetian monk named Vincenzo Coronelli made a pair of globes for King Louis XIV of France. These huge balls, each 15 feet in diameter, had a doorway and could accommodate 30 courtiers at a time inside.

No record exists of many of the early globe makers, nor examples of their craftsmanship. One 20-incher, said to be the oldest yet remaining, was made by Martin Behaim of Nuremberg. He finished it the same

year that Columbus headed his caravels westward.

Not long after Martin Behaim's achievement, James Ferguson, a Scotch physicist and astronomer, made a number of small portable globes, among them a tiny pocket model. One of these midgets, barely three inches in diameter, is owned by the Adler Planetarium in Chicago. Its inner surface bears an engraved map of the celestial sphere.

The finest example of modern "inside-out" world is the 30-foot Mapparium at the Christian Science Publishing Company in Boston. This magnificent creation of glass panels, with painted maps and illuminated with 300 hidden electric lights, gives the spectator a startling view of the world as seen from its core.

The first globe that showed America as one large continent instead of being broken up into many islands — the early cartographers' misconception — was one made by Johann Schoner of Nuremberg in 1523.

UNTIL the 19th century, all globes in the United States were imported from Europe. In 1810, James Wilson, an unschooled farmer and blacksmith of Bradford, Vermont, launched the domestic globe industry after he'd seen a pair of spheres on display at Dartmouth College. Wilson hurried home, sold his livestock for \$130 and bought an armload of books on astronomy and geography. After studying his books for several months, he walked nearly

300 miles to New Haven, Connecticut, and paid for tuition in a map making course offered by the eminent cartographer, James Doolittle.

Wilson had acquired the know-how to make a globe, but nothing else. Broke, he set to work making his own ink, glue, varnish, press and even a remarkable lathe. And one day he exhibited his first globes. Surprisingly, they sold readily and orders came in for more. Wilson later opened a factory in Albany and for many years produced America's total output of globes.

More than a half century passed, however, before other American globe makers got into the business. The "world makers" today are Rand-McNally, Weber Costello, L. I. Replogle, Denoyer-Geppert and A. J. Nystrom, all of Chicago; George Cram of Indianapolis; and the Ohio Art Company in Bryan, Ohio.

Most of these firms turn out globes printed in foreign languages, French and Spanish predominating. And some of them build unusual globes on special order.

The past uncertain years have made America so globe conscious that she will continue to support the industry.

Then there's the new crop of travelers to boost sales, too. With flights to far-off lands taking only hours, and costing little more than motor tours across country, vacationists are saying, "Get out the globe."

MISADVENTURES OF

Famous Paintings

BY RUTH P. COLLINS



SOME PAINTINGS owe their fame perhaps almost as much to their misadventures as to their merit. Recently in London art lovers gave a banquet to celebrate the restoration of a portrait which had been the

center of a famous lawsuit some years ago. Augustus John and Lord Leverhulme were the ones who took part in this art duel. The wealthy industrialist had hacked part of his body out of the portrait the artist had done of him.

"It was mine. I paid for it so could do as I pleased with it," the businessman claimed. But the world thought otherwise. Leverhulme found himself deluged with letters and cables from all over the world. Art lovers, from America to Japan, staged parades carrying derisive placards and insulting cartoons. In Hyde Park students carried a big headless figure with a message of scorn. In Italy the whole art colony, including models, paint-makers and framers, went on strike and burnt a gigantic effigy of Leverhulme, made of soap, in the public square.

Leverhulme's explanation was simple enough. He had wished to store the portrait in his safe, had found it too large, had cut out what he considered the most important part and discarded the rest.

Some years ago in London I visited the home of a well-known authoress. Going up her stairway I chanced to glimpse the life-sized portrait of a lovely figure in a ball gown. When I went back to see the face I found only a smear of black. "Oh," explained my hostess, "that was the portrait Sargent did of me when I was presented at court. I didn't like my face so I just painted it out."

Recently in England another of Hans Holbein's pictures was discovered. This fabulous fifteenth century treasure was found in a dark corner of an auction room listed as "a portrait of Henry VII by an unidentified artist." It attracted no buyer till the trained eye of Joseph Coghlan Briscoe, an outstanding art collector, noticed that the gold chain about the monarch's neck looked more time-mellowed than the face.

Under the X-ray, which is the great friend of the true art collector of today, it was found that there were two paintings on this canvas. Painstakingly Briscoe began to remove the top layer of paint and great was his excitement when the rich gold chains so typical of Holbein's works began to gleam through. Other experts were called in and soon the work was verified as a

long-sought missing portrait by the great master.

Another Holbein suffered a still more romantic fate, *The Field of the Cloth of Gold* which hangs in Hampton Court Palace today. After the execution of Charles the First, Cromwell tried to sell many of the paintings of the late monarch. When it came to selling this, Holbein's greatest work, however, it was found that the face of the principal character of the group was missing and only a round hole left in its place.

When Charles the Second was restored to the throne a nobleman came forward with the missing bit of canvas. He confessed he had taken it but only to preserve it for the English nation. The face was reinstated in the portrait but the marks of this strange adventure can still be clearly seen and, if anything, adds to the interest this great picture holds for the world.

JOSHUA REYNOLDS, perhaps more than any other artist, suffered mutilation of his great works. The history of his paintings reads like soap-box drama. Take the *Portrait of Mr. Musters, Esq.* Mr. Musters was a dandy of the Revolutionary era. He disliked the somber suit Sir Joshua gave him in his portrait and years later, when he finally managed to get possession of it, had another artist give him a rich satin suit, ruffles and flowered waistcoat.

Later this led to question about its being a genuine Reynolds. How

could Reynolds have clothed his subject in a mode of dress which did not come into fashion until 30 years after the artist's death, they asked. When the picture was cleaned the question was settled, for Mr. Musters' fancy waistcoat and ruffles came off, leaving him in the dignified dark suit which he wears to this day in the National Art Galleries in London.

Another Reynolds suffered a more amusing fate. In the *Portrait of Master Herbert* he depicted Bacchus, god of wine, surrounded by a group of playful lion cubs. The engraver who prepared this picture for print, recalled that in Greek mythology it was leopards, not lions, sporting around the god. So he proceeded on his own to daub spots on the lions. A hundred years later when the famous collection was being sold an art dealer was terrified when, upon cleaning Bacchus, he saw the leopards' spots disappearing before his eyes. Today Reynolds' lions play around Bacchus as they originally were painted.

Misfortunes, too, befell young Master Crewe, in Reynolds' painting *Son and Daughter of Lord Crewe*. Young Crewe was portrayed as a winsome young Cupid in a flower garden. Years after, when he had grown to manhood he quarreled with his father, who had the Cupid

cut out and a fancy flower-holder tripod put in his place.

The wily art dealer who did the job, however, kept the Cupid, passed it on down to his successors and a century later it was restored to its rightful place in the portrait. The historical flower-stand was placed on another canvas, with a scene painted about it. Today it hangs in the family art gallery, is valued as highly as the work of the great artist.

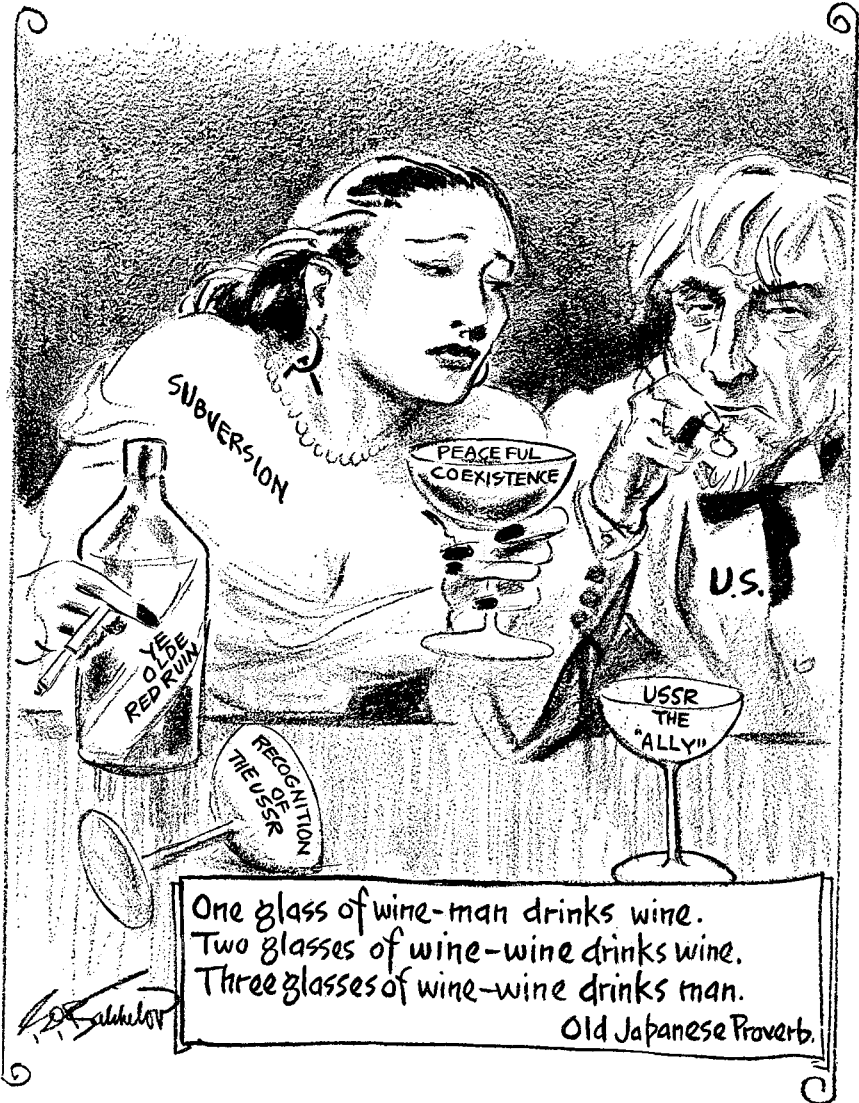
LANDSEER'S famous animals, too, suffered badly at the hands of tricksters. In his famous *Charles the First at Edgehill*, the little dog which the artist put in at the feet of the monarch, was cut out by a dealer and another put in its place by an inferior artist. Suitable scenery was then painted around the original dog and the painting sold as a Landseer, as indeed it was. In time the hoax was discovered but, if anything, it added to the value of both pictures.

Perhaps you have found some old patched paintings stowed in your attic. Better let an expert see it before giving it to that rummage sale.

Also, if you don't like the way the artist has painted your portrait, think twice before you decide to add that light to your eyes yourself. You may find yourself in court.



C. D. BATCHELOR'S CARTOON



The

Bricker

AMENDMENT

THE UNITED STATES is the only place on earth where the powers of government are limited by a constitution that means something.

Other countries have what are called constitutions. Everyone has heard of the British Constitution, which is not a constitution at all, but the negation of one — a jumble of traditions, maxims, slogans and a “thick husk of legal fictions” that is supposed to restrain Parliament in its legislation. They do not impose an enforceable limitation on its power. Parliament is supreme. Parliament need not respect the rights of an individual. It may do so in reliance on the unwritten constitution but there is nothing the individual can do about it if it fails to do so.

The Joyce case is an example. During World War II, Joyce broadcast from Germany utterances that in the mouth of a British citizen were

From a speech delivered June 13, 1955, at Faneuil Hall, Boston, by Robert H. Montgomery, Boston attorney.

By Robert H. Montgomery

treason. The British called him “Lord Haw Haw.” After the war they brought him to trial for treason. At the time of his alleged crime it was the law that he could not be convicted except by the testimony of at least two witnesses to an overt act of treason. One witness would not do. It developed that the broadcast upon which the case depended was heard by only one witness who could identify the voice.

Parliament then acted. It abolished the rule about the necessity of two witnesses and made one witness enough. British lawyers, regardless of their feeling about his guilt, were shocked by this violation of the British Constitution but the court had to accept the act as the law and Joyce was convicted and hanged.

This happened under the British Constitution. It could not have happened under ours, because our Congress cannot validly enact what is known as an *ex post facto* law. That means that Congress could not have

changed the rules of evidence in this case after the alleged crime had been committed. If Congress had attempted to make the change, the court would have declared the attempt void because unconstitutional, and Joyce would not have been convicted. He, as an individual, would have been able to force his government to respect his rights.

I say that this could not happen here. What I mean is that it could not happen here by an act of Congress or at all as we understood the Constitution until lately. It could happen here under the treaty powers as now interpreted by the Supreme Court. The President, by an interchange of letters with another country, could have changed this rule and deprived the defendant of a Constitutional right which would have saved his life, or any other Constitutional right that he had.

Our Constitution was drafted by men who had lived under absolute governments. They had experienced the tyranny of an absolute government. They had fought a Revolution to overthrow tyranny and establish liberty — they had risked their lives and their fortunes and pledged their sacred honor in the cause of that Revolution. They saw to it that the philosophy, the wisdom, the common sense and the religious faith of the Revolution became incarnate in the Constitution.

The problem presented to the Founding Fathers was not easy. It was necessary to create a central

government of adequate powers. It was even more necessary to limit the powers of that government.

THE CONSTITUTION created what was intended to be an indestructible union of indestructible states. The states remained sovereign states.

We fought a war to prove that the Union was indestructible, but we have permitted the states to be destroyed with hardly a murmur of revolt.

How was the destruction of the states accomplished?

The first and most important step was the adoption of the income tax amendment, effective in 1913, giving Congress the power to tax incomes, which has been interpreted to extend also to the taxation of capital gains, gifts and inheritances. No state can long continue as a free and sovereign state when there is a superior sovereign who can, by taxation, destroy all property and income.

The second step in the destruction of the states was the extension by the Supreme Court of the United States of the concept of interstate and foreign commerce. It was necessary for the Federal government to be given the power to regulate interstate and foreign commerce, and the states readily conceded that. It was not necessary and it was not intended that the Federal power should extend to every part of our economic activity and would regulate all manufacturing, agriculture,

insurance, banks, local communications, labor relations, wages, prices, all in the name of Commerce.

The third step was another extension of the power of taxation. As written, Congress had the power to levy taxes for the common defense and the general welfare. As now interpreted, the words "general welfare" mean anything that Congress decides is for the welfare of the country.

The fourth step in the destruction of the states was the interpretation by the Supreme Court whereby the first ten amendments to the Federal Constitution were applied to the states. These first ten amendments were adopted as limitations on the power of the Federal government and are often called the Federal Bill of Rights. No one until recently ever supposed that these amendments would restrict the states themselves. They are not worded that way. They are worded to prevent Federal action. The Supreme Court now, however, has decided that by the adoption of the Fourteenth Amendment after the Civil War, the first ten amendments were made applicable to the states. It is because of this decision that the states are now deprived of their powers in the fields of education, religion and personal rights that everyone supposed they had.

IN 1848 Karl Marx issued the Communist Manifesto. This contains ten points regarded as preliminary

objectives to be accomplished before the governments of the world are overthrown by force and violence and the dictatorship of the proletariat is established.

Not one of these preliminary objectives could have been accomplished in the United States under the Constitution as it stood in 1848 or in 1910. Now every one of them can be accomplished by legislation or by treaty. Some of them have already been accomplished completely; the others are well along.

There is probably a difference of opinion among you as to the desirability of some of the economic points of the Marxian program. I think they are all evil. However that may be, there can be no argument about the tenth point, which concerns personal rights and liberty and does not involve economic considerations.

The tenth point sounds very innocent indeed. It reads: "Free education for all children in public schools."

Now, no one is going to say that we should not have public schools or that they should not be free. The catch to this point is the requirement that *all* children should be educated in public schools.

In the early days of the Republic, education was, with negligible exceptions, an individual, family or church responsibility. For secondary education, groups of neighbors combined and employed schoolmasters. In many places, church schools, clas-

sical academies and sectarian colleges were founded and supported with private funds. In every case the instruction was designed primarily to promote piety, religion and morality.

It was never supposed that the Federal government should have anything to say about the education of the child. It was never supposed that a state could not permit religion to be taught.

STATE CONTROL of education and religion presented a serious problem for the Marxists, who to succeed in their plan for world domination must destroy religion. This necessarily implies the destruction of church schools as well as churches and explains why all children must be educated in public schools and why all public schools must be godless.

It would not do for the Marxists to deal with 48 states. Dealing with the Federal government was much simpler and quicker.

But how could the Federal government get into the fields of education and religion which, under the Constitution, belonged exclusively to the states without any prohibition or limitation?

This is how it was done.

The First Amendment reads in part as follows:

Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof.

The Tenth Amendment:

The Powers not delegated to the United States by the Constitution, nor prohibited by it to the states, are reserved to the states respectively, or to the people.

Nothing could be plainer than this. The states had not delegated anything to the United States about religion and education. It was up to them and to their constitutions because they were sovereign states who had reserved all their powers in these fields.

Now came one of the coincidences. Someone with this particular axe to grind discovered the Fourteenth Amendment, which contains this language:

No state shall make or enforce any law which shall abridge the privileges or immunities of citizens of the United States; nor shall any state deprive any person of life, liberty or property, without due process of law; nor deny to any person within its jurisdiction the equal protection of the laws.

Ha, said that someone, here is a way to destroy religious instruction in all the public schools. All we need to do is to get the courts to decide that the Fourteenth Amendment makes the First Amendment applicable to the states and that teaching religion is the establishment of a religion. And so they did, and it wasn't very hard, for the courts have been extremely sympathetic throughout the past twenty years.

OUT IN ILLINOIS there was a statute permitting the teaching of religion an hour a week in the public schools. The system was a voluntary one and no child could attend the classes without the consent of his parents. There were separate classes for different religions. The Catholic children were taught by a priest, the Jewish children by a rabbi, and the Protestant children by a Protestant minister. The Supreme Court of the United States said that this was something that the state could not do. It was a law respecting an establishment of religion. Therefore, they said, since Congress could not have passed such a law under the First Amendment and since the First Amendment now applies to the states, the state could not do so.

They really did that — eight of them. One dissenter wondered how the majority could justify a chapel at West Point or a chaplain in the Navy. Isn't it clear that the chapel and the chaplain are doomed? I wonder how a state can be permitted under this decision to grant tax exemptions to privately operated schools that teach religion or to churches? Withdrawal of tax exemption would result in the destruction of many church schools of many denominations. Remember, compelling everyone to be educated in secularized public schools is still the objective. A state could do it. I do not see how Congress can. It can be accomplished by the use of treaty power.

With these revolutions in the Constitution, the sovereign states were destroyed and what is left is a unitary nation with all governmental power concentrated in Washington.

The Executive, by usurpation, the Supreme Court, by interpretation, and the Congress by surrender have nearly done the Constitution in. But it and the state constitutions are still a nuisance to the internationalist socialists in some way. That is where the treaty power comes in. Under the treaty power as now interpreted, the President and a handful of Senators can amend the Constitution and the state constitutions and legislate for the nation and for every state, enacting laws that neither the Congress nor the states could lawfully enact. This sounds incredible — it is all too true.

A treaty is a contract with a foreign government. The treaty power is the power to make contracts with foreign governments. This is a necessary power. Under our system of divided sovereignty, the Federal government has the treaty power exclusively. The states are expressly forbidden to enter into treaties. No one supporting the Bricker Amendment wishes to destroy the treaty power or take it away from the Federal government. That would be absurd and unwise. No one wishes to take away from the President his Constitutional functions in the treaty-making process. Someone must negotiate the contract. The

Executive Department is best organized for that and should be the best informed.

The Constitution says:

[The President] shall have power, by and with the advice and consent of the Senate, to make treaties, provided two-thirds of the Senators present concur.

Here is a check, a balance. The President can act only with the advice and consent of the Senate and the treaty must have the concurrence of two-thirds of the Senators present. This insures publicity, debate, and hearings on important treaties. This kept us out of the League of Nations because the Senate refused, after much deliberation and a debate, to give the necessary concurrence.

ALL THIS sounds very sensible and in harmony with the American way of doing things. What has happened to make it necessary to amend the treaty provisions in the Constitution? What has happened is that we now have a government that believes that the treaty power can override the Constitution and cut across all the rights of the states and the people, and is acting accordingly. The Supreme Court has given aid and comfort to this arrogation of power and confirmed it by its interpretation of the following words in the Constitution:

The Constitution, and the laws of the United States which shall be made in pursuance thereof; and all

treaties made, or which shall be made, under the authority of the United States, shall be the supreme law of the land. . . .

This absolute power can be exercised in many cases by the President alone without the Senate. It can be done in secret and no man may know for years what the law is. That is the Doctrine of the Executive Agreement. That is the *Pink* case, where the Supreme Court held that an executive agreement made by the President alone, without the approval of the Senate, is, like a treaty, the supreme law of the land and overrides the due process clause of the Fifth Amendment as well as the law of New York. In that case all there was was an exchange of letters between the President and Litvinov, and property which under the laws of New York belonged to certain private persons was given to the Soviet government. They could just as well have taken your house and given it to me.

Perhaps you think I am an alarmist. I will tell you what the law is now under existing treaties or executive agreements. Just a few examples.

The President can declare war without any declaration by the Congress. That power is claimed by the President under a treaty — the treaty creating the United Nations. Under the Constitution only the Congress could declare war. Now, if war comes between Russia and Poland, the President, acting alone, can put us in it on either side.

NATO can merge our political and economic resources with other nations without any reference to the Congress.

An international body, called the International Materials Conference, set up without Congressional authority, can and did impose a system of international allocations of raw materials.

Great Britain has a continuing veto over our diplomatic and military policies insofar as the use of atomic weapons is concerned. We can't use the bomb in our defense unless Great Britain permits.

The treaty power can and did take away the Constitutional rights of our soldiers accused of crime in foreign lands and turned them over to trial by foreign courts.

Our immigration laws can be set aside and everyone in the world given the right to come here. Thus will come the weak, the depraved and the criminal. Thus will come the fifth column.

It is not too much to say that we are now in an international state with plenary legislative power vested in the President of the United States, a handful of Senators, and the state department of a foreign country.

NOW WHAT is the Bricker Amendment? It is very short. It reads:

Section 1. A provision of a treaty or other international agreement which conflicts with this Constitution, or which is not made in pursu-

ance thereof, shall not be the supreme law of the land nor be of any force or effect.

Section 2. A treaty or other international agreement shall become effective as internal law in the United States only through legislation valid in the absence of international agreement.

Section 3. On the question of advising and consenting to the ratification of a treaty, the vote shall be determined by yeas and nays, and the names of the persons voting for and against shall be entered on the Journal of the Senate.

What are its objects?

1. To prevent any treaty or executive agreement in conflict with the Constitution from being of any force or effect.

2. To prevent any treaty or executive agreement from being effective as *internal* law except through *valid* legislation.

3. To prevent treaties from being approved by a mere handful of Senators present and voting. Voting by "yeas" and "nays" would assure that at least a majority of the Senate (now 49) would be present to act on the treaty.

It is incredible that this amendment should be opposed by any American. Yet the Administration is against it and is fighting it. Secretary Dulles indulges himself in quibbles about language. Republican Senators have forgotten this plank that was in the Republican platform.

We [the Republican Party] shall see to it that no treaty or agreement

with other countries deprives our citizens of the rights guaranteed them by the Federal Constitution.

Not only the *Daily Worker*, but also the *New York Times*, the *New York Herald-Tribune*, and the *Washington Post* are against it.

What semblance of reason do they advance?

Some Left-wingers have told the public that a treaty will require ratification by the 48 states. That is absurd as well as dishonest. The treaty as a treaty (an agreement between nations) will need no more ratification than it now does (two-thirds of the Senators present) and an executive agreement will stand just as it does now if it conforms to the Constitution. It will not, however, be the internal law of any state unless that state acts and acts Constitutionally.

ANOTHER argument is that the amendment is unnecessary because the people can trust the Executive Department, who really do not want to do anything unconstitutional or forfeit any of our liberties.

No President, no Secretary of State, has the time to study all the details of all executive agreements or treaties, to detect the hidden traps laid by traitors at the conference table, by double-talkers who can always find good names for evil things and incorporate in documents ambiguities for interpretation by complaisant courts. No President can legislate for 48 states and take

into account 48 varying conditions, constitutions and local histories. No President should be allowed to legislate for anyone. Legislation should be a deliberative matter; there should be debate; there should be hearings; there should be publicity; there should be a chance for public opinion; there should be votes of representatives of the people.

Yalta has a lesson for us in this discussion. The damage done by a badly conceived treaty would be minimized by the Bricker Amendment which would make it void if it was unconstitutional and in any event keep any part of it from becoming internal law until legislation adopted it.

Over the past dozen years this country has negotiated many treaties with the criminal gang who have announced their intention to rule the world and to root out liberty and religion everywhere.

What did these treaties do to us? What will other treaties do in the future? Every syllable of every treaty, every syllable of every executive agreement is now the internal law of the land and of a very state. Congress does not have to act, the state legislatures do not have to act. The constitutions have been overridden, not amended. With treaty power as now interpreted there is now no place on earth where the individual can force his government to respect his rights.

We need the Bricker Amendment now.

The Place Called NEW HARMONY

BY ANNE WEST



BUSES traveling U.S. Highway 460 east to Evansville dip low into New Harmony as they leave the Wabash River bridge. The nodding passengers, jogged awake, may catch a glimpse of a three-story brick building. It was here that, years ago, all the babies in the town used to hang suspended in rows of cradles dangling from the ceiling. And across the street there is a rock where the Angel Gabriel is credited with leaving a handsome pair of footprints when he came to bring a message.

A block further, where the street markers read "Church" and "Brewery" Streets, stands another brick building flanked by gasoline pumps. The words on its façade proclaim it an "Opera House," but it serves as a garage. To the right there is a park.

If our passengers are fortunate enough to make the trip in the middle weeks of June, this park appears

as a mass of gold. The gold is everywhere — big yellow sprays of the Golden Rain trees. Two weeks later it carpets the yards and sidewalks. The town is the only spot in the United States where the trees grow in natural profusion. What's more the Golden Rain never spreads to the fields or woods, for it is a town tree with a seeming affinity for man.

And "man" has never been more of a social experiment than right here in this Indiana town of 1,380 inhabitants. It has a unique history, for which two men were largely responsible.

George Rapp, a German peasant who had made himself unpopular with the established church in Würtemberg by (among other things) deliberately driving a herd of swine through the streets on Good Friday morning while services were in progress, had emigrated to America with

his followers. Believing the Second Coming to be imminent, they set up their Harmony Society in Butler County, Pennsylvania, to work and wait for it. But when the soil proved unsuitable to the grape culture which they had followed in Germany, "Father Rapp" went to search for a new site.

In the spring of 1814, he found this conical valley, protected by wooded hills, with the Wabash at its side. Here they settled, some 700 of them. And in ten years they had turned the wilderness spot into a Utopia.

There was no pay for labor or services; men and women gave their abilities and their time to the Society for the common good. In return, they held the Society's promise to care for them in sickness and in health; and, in death, for their families.

Having adopted the custom of celibacy (pregnancies and child-rearing would have stolen time needed for work, and would have been pointless, anyhow, in the face of the Millennium) those previously married lived together as brother and sister, while the unmarried members lived in dormitories, with the children already acquired scattered at random among them.

Although their eyes were on an impending Heaven, the Rappites built solidly here below. Scores of their 140-year-old frame and brick dwellings still stand, while many of the giant communal buildings re-

main, strangely overpowering, in the heart of town. These latter, of hand-made brick and hand-hewn black walnut beams, are insulated by "dutch biscuits" — boards wrapped in straw, slipped into grooves in the studding, and then coated with lime which the Rappites made by burning clam shells from the river.

The second dormitory, three stories high, still wears on its south face the sundial which served as town clock and which present-day New Harmonyites set their watches by. Across the street is the Rapp Mansion, haunted by stories of underground passageways which allowed Father Rapp to emerge, startlingly, in the midst of his people both at work and at worship.

They raised their own wool, cotton, leather, even silk. They made saddles, soap, candles, axes, rope, barrels; raised their own flax and hemp, ran their own distillery, ground their oil from peach and walnut stones, printed and bound their own books!

WEARING a kind of Norman peasant dress — pantaloons, smocks, and steeple-crowned hats for the men; jackets, full petticoats and skull caps or bonnets for the women — the Rappites led lives that were close-bound but idyllic.

A cowherd blew his bugle mornings, and from every yard-gate a cow came out to join the herd for pasture. Village boys minded the community hogs. Butchers slaughtered

twice a week and sent criers tapping on windows (there were no front doors) calling "*Fleisch holen!*" (Meat — come and get it!) Tailors and dressmakers kept clothing in repair; cabinetmakers and carpenters mended furniture and tools. But every break and dent and rip had to be accounted for. When an article was needed by someone, he made application for it.

Community bulletins were posted on the milkwagon. When there was haying, reaping, cornhusking, berrying, or sheep-shearing to be done, *all* the men and women went into the fields or pastures. A band played to them from the hillsides while they worked and led them home at night. Curfew rang at nine, when all but the watchmen and shepherds had to be off the streets.

The Labyrinth was the pleasure ground of the Harmony Society. Within a circle 140 feet in diameter, they had concentric circles, waist-high, of green hedgerows, flower-bordered — a maze, leading to a little central *garten-haus*, rough as a jimson burr on the exterior, but delightful within. Symbolic of life's devious and difficult approach to a state of true harmony! Some years ago, when the state took over some of the historic property and formed the New Harmony Memorial Commission, the Labyrinth was restored.

In ten years, this Kingdom-Come-in-the-Wilderness found itself prosperous to the point of satiation but static through celibacy.

Father Rapp, fearing what ease

and idleness would do to his people, advertised the whole village for sale in England, and prepared to move to a third site (back in Pennsylvania) to start over again. The steamer *Ploughboy* came up the river, and the villagers left. Today, under a stairway is the hasty scrawl of a Rappite: "In the 24th day of May, 1824, we have departed, Lord, with Thy great help and goodness, in body and soul protect us."

IT WAS Robert Owen, the renowned social reformer from Scotland, who bought out the Rappites, and rechristened the site *New Harmony*. Owen's reforms had been resented in the British Isles, so he, like Rapp, had turned to America. Having exhibited before Congress and President Monroe a model of his proposed town, he returned to Europe to gather some of the most celebrated intellectuals of the day to live in it. Assembling in Philadelphia, they came to New Harmony by keel-boat — the slow, tedious, ice-bound journey made by perhaps the highest concentration of intellect ever afloat! In the town museum is a replica of this "Boatload of Knowledge."

All the physical needs awaited them, still warm from the dream of the Rappites. All they had to do was transplant their own dream — this time one of "universal happiness through universal education." Air that had been limpidly pastoral before became charged with culture. Buildings that had been churches,

granaries and factories became schools, laboratories and libraries.

But while Robert Owen was away beating the bushes for still more intellects and spreading the story of New Harmony, the dream began to disintegrate.

"Equality" was a high-sounding word, but the division of community chores rubbed rawly; musicians grew tired of milking cows, philosophers of baking bread. Parents saw their children growing up, precocious, but without affection, in the Infant School where they were forced to live, apart from their families. Finally, some of the godly began to feel the absence of churches.

Just two years from the date of founding, Owen returned, paid all debts, and left, broken in health, fortune and reputation.

BUT, ironically — whereas George Rapp had a success that failed — Robert Owen founded a failure that succeeded. Many of the intellectuals, including Owen's four sons and one of his daughters, continued to live there, and all of them were to distinguish themselves in one way or another. Ideas that originated and quickened in New Harmony spread throughout the world.

The first kindergarten, first trade school, first free public library, first free public school system, first woman's club, first civic dramatic club, first headquarters of the United States Geological Survey — this little mapdot where the Rappites had

toiled and dozed in comparative ignorance boasts them all! What's more, it's claimed that illiteracy hits its lowest percentage here of any place in the United States.

If that is true, it's probably due in part to the fact that there are more library books in town per capita than anywhere else in the country. And the library (29,000 volumes, plus museum, plus art gallery) owes its beginning to an original Owenite: William Maclure, "Father of American Geology" and president of the Academy of Natural Sciences in Philadelphia, who was associated with Robert Owen in the purchase of New Harmony.

It was Maclure — years before Carnegie — who started a system of libraries in 150 western towns. These were "Workingmen's Institutes," where men who labored with their hands met for discussion and book learning. The New Harmony Workingmen's Institute is the only one active today, and its membership is still limited, as originally, to 26 (open only at death of a member). It has been unique in that, until last year, it supported the library wholly from invested endowment, without taxation.

It is to geologist Maclure that the town owes its Golden Rain trees. On a trip to Mexico he discovered and sent back plantings. Because the trees were first planted at the gate of the Rapp Mansion (then Maclure's home), New Harmonyites — still refer to them as "gate" trees.

Although celebrated scientists — David Dale Owen, Charles Alexander Leseur, Dr. Gerard Troost — were there, thick as mulberry leaves, the spot nurtured many who were to leave their marks in other fields. Josiah Warren, musician and inventor. Joseph Neef and Mme. Fretegeot, educators. Frances Wright, the early advocate of women's rights. More recently, Grace Golden, the singer, grew up and had her home there. Ross Lockridge, Jr., came and wrote the town's history into a pageant that was given annually, until three years ago, during the height of Gold Rain tree bloom. Grace Zaring Stone (Ethel Vance) is a great-great-granddaughter of Robert Owen.

FOR many years now, David Dale Owen's laboratory, once the nation's geological headquarters, has been *the* Owen residence. Today it is owned by Kenneth Owen (Robert's great-great-grandson), a Texas oil man, who, with his wife and three daughters, spends summers there. His aunt (85 and a great-granddaughter) lives there year-round. Recently Kenneth Owen has acquired the next-door Rapp Mansion and is building a seven-foot brick wall around the center-of-town block that contains it, the laboratory-residence, and the old fort, but he has erected a stone bench in the good south sun for sidewalk philosophers.

It's a fine place to sit and speculate on the Gabriel Rock — (Did Father

Rapp really find it up around the St. Louis bluffs and bring it down when his authority with his people needed bolstering?) — And to laugh at tourists headed south on Main Street to try their luck at the Labyrinth!

Chiseled into the wall, behind the bench, are the words:

If we cannot reconcile all opinions

Let us endeavor to unite all hearts.

In 1939 an oil boom hit the Illinois country just across the river. Rigs even rose on Ribeyre Island, a ferry-ride away. For a time, the little town shuddered with transients. But now things have stabilized.

There's a modern sidewalk telephone booth, too, no farther from the Gabriel Rock than you could throw a Golden Rain tree pod. (Messages come now by wire instead of by *wing*.)

From May to December, the library stays open Sundays, a gesture toward tourists, and serious students who want to pick at the town's history. "George Rapp, George Rapp —" they go musing.

"Him? Sure," some native with deviltry in his eye is apt to pipe up facetiously. "Lives over yonder."

And so he does. When a man named Rapp moved to New Harmony a number of years ago to be school superintendent and had a son born in the town — there was only one thing to do: George Rapp is grown and a medical student now. Which, the scientific Owenites might conclude, is life coming full circle.

WEEKEND *in the*

SKY

by
**ROBERT
DONLEVIN**

SNUGLY strapped into his rugged Pratt-Read sailplane one minute, glider pilot Larry Edgar was cruising along at 55 miles per hour 17,000 feet above the California desert. And the next, his battered body was falling through space, miraculously spared by the frightening forces of a roll cloud that, with sudden fury, had shredded his craft to bits like a pair of giant jaws.

Nothing comes closer to Edgar's aerial ordeal than A. Conan Doyle's "horrors of the heights," fictional floating monsters who lurked behind lofty clouds, ready to pounce upon high-flying aeronauts daring enough to invade their airborne jungles.

"The shearing action was terrific," Edgar recalls. "I was forced sideways in my seat, first to the left, then to the right. At the same time . . . a fantastic force shoved me down . . . my head went forward and my chin was pressed hard against my chest. I could feel my body crumple . . . as I quickly blacked out. Just then . . . it felt like a violent roll to the left with a loud explosion, followed instantaneously by a violent upward thrust.

"I was unable to see after blacking out. . . . However I was conscious and felt my head hit the canopy. There was a lot of noise and I was taking quite a beating. . . . Just as suddenly as all this violence started, it became quiet except for the sound of the wind whistling by. I felt that I had been thrown clear of the glider.

"I felt and fumbled across my chest for the rip cord. I yanked and the chute opened immediately. I still couldn't see."

Battered, bloody and bruised, Edgar recovered his vision on the way down and had to fight the shroud lines of his chute to keep from being sucked back up into the roll cloud's deadly turbulence. When he fell free of the cloud, he reported that "for the first time . . . I could see parts of the Pratt-Read being carried *up* past me. This is the first I had seen of any glider since hitting

the turbulence. It was the first indication that perhaps '195' had broken up in the air and it was not just a matter of my being thrown out because of a loose seat belt."

Edgar made it safely to the ground with a new respect for the roll cloud and some new data for the Air Force's jet stream project. He had been exploring one of the last frontiers of motorless flight — wave soaring. The wave phenomenon, not yet fully understood, is most striking on the lee side of a mountain range. It amounts to a series of strong downstream ripples formed when a high-velocity wind hits the range perpendicularly and tumbles down the lee side much as water in a fast stream causes several standing ripples behind a submerged rock.

Special cloud formations and fantastic turbulence are common in the lee wave. Some of the vertical currents traveling at 5,000 feet per minute are believed to rocket up to 80,000 feet. But man can go no higher than 45,000 feet even with the best oxygen equipment unless he is surrounded by a weighty pressurized cabin.

HOWEVER, not all of the wonderland of clouds is so forbidding, or presents such hazards to the traveler who would journey there. Any weekend soaring enthusiast can tell you, as he anxiously scans the weather reports on Friday for signs of favorable winds and good soaring conditions, that you don't have to

tangle with lee waves to get all the kicks an amateur sportsman could ever want out of sky sailing.

From Miami to Seattle, from San Diego to Boston, hundreds of pavement-bound earthlings are rediscovering the silent thrills of soaring, the world's oldest, safest and least expensive form of flight. Once strictly for the birds, soaring is the art of defying gravity in motorless heavier-than-air craft (gliders or sailplanes) by substituting rising air currents for engine power. It is also an off-beat way to spend Saturday or Sunday away from the cares of terra firma in the congenial company of like-minded aerial pleasure seekers.

You can get in on the fun by joining one of the 55 soaring clubs scattered from coast to coast. Although their number is growing, America's soaring enthusiasts are still a pretty small group. But the 4,000 licensed glider pilots in the United States — about half of them active — more than hold their own with the older and much larger European soaring fraternity. American pilots flying U.S.-made sailplanes set both the present world's soaring altitude and cross-country distance records, 44,255 feet and 535 miles respectively.

They are almost all amateurs from every walk of life who have regular jobs during the week and pool their enthusiasm, elbow grease and pocketbooks on weekends to indulge in the only readily available form of sport flying. Take the Metropolitan

Air Hoppers Soaring Association (MASA) based at the Wurtsboro Airport, 80 miles from New York City. There are engineers, construction men, magazine editors, school teachers, lawyers, students, secretaries, airline pilots, businessmen and photographers. Some have their own craft which they tie down at Wurtsboro; some bring their sailplanes in on trailers and assemble and fly them. But most use the three sailplanes and power towplane operated by Sail Flights, Inc., the stock of which is owned by MASA members. Sailplanes may be towed into the air by a power plane, a winch or an automobile.

Soaring clubs all over the country have found the joint ownership set-up the most economical. A one-hour flight in a two-place tandem Piper Cub airplane costs from \$8 to \$10 an hour solo and \$12 to \$14 for dual instruction. But a MASA member can easily get away with \$4.50 per flight in a sailplane if he owns \$100 worth of stock in Sail Flights, Inc. and makes 50 flights during the April-November season. (On the West Coast and in the South, soaring conditions prevail all year around.) The more flights he makes, the less each one costs him. He can stay aloft as long as weather conditions and his soaring skill permit. Two- or three-hour flights are not uncommon. There is no extra charge for dual instruction. MASA will teach any prospective member to fly a sailplane if he has soloed in a

regular airplane, which the average kiwi can do after eight to twelve hours of flight instruction. Regular airplane flying lessons are also available at Wurtsboro. A sailplane has the same basic controls as an airplane so almost anyone who can fly one can learn to fly the other without great difficulty.

MASA also has a bunkhouse right on the field where members and their families bed down for the night at a dollar a head. On Saturday nights there is a weekly outdoor barbecue. After filling themselves with steak and beer, the Air Hoppers sit around the log fire and do the next best thing to soaring—hangar flying. Stories of soaring feats, of the old days (the Wright Brothers solved the problem of flight control with gliders before they built their airplane), of the rare glider accidents and projects for the future are discussed under the night sky. The hypnotic influence of the dying embers makes altitude flights to 80,000 feet and a soaring hop across the South Atlantic seem almost real.

BUT NONE of this gingerbread, pleasant as it is, changes the fundamental appeal of soaring, which is a new intimacy with the ocean of air. In power planes man has penetrated this life-giving fluid as an intruder, riding or bucking its currents with slashing propeller blades or spewing jets. But the sailplane pilot and his craft are creatures

of the air. They ride the winds, now spiraling upward in a cloud-topped cone of rising air called a thermal, now ascending in the upwash over a windswept ridge or mountain, now daring to enter the dark, violent interior of a frothing thunderhead, where rain, hail and lightning cut through the madly tumbling and soaring vertical currents, capable of sucking the slight but sturdy craft upward or thrusting it downward at dizzying speeds.

The sky sailor has no fuel or fumes or fires to worry about, no engine vibrations to listen to, no tachometer or oil pressure gauges to watch. There is just the hushed hiss of air sliding over his wings as he lords it over an indulgent Mother Earth until she calls him back to her.

The better the pilot the longer he can avoid answering the call. Flying a sailplane is still a full time job if you don't want to find yourself right back on the ground again. Most sailplanes have gliding ratios of between 20 and 30 to one. That means that for every foot of altitude the sailplane loses it goes forward 20 or 30 feet in still air. Of course, wind speed, wind direction, updrafts and downdrafts have to be taken into consideration also. Novice pilots won't venture beyond gliding distance of their home airport.

CROSS-COUNTRY flying poses some more ticklish problems and is not undertaken lightly. The pilot must always consider the possibility

of running out of lift and should always have a suitable landing spot picked out in that eventuality.

The more advanced stages, especially cloud-soaring and wave-soaring, are better left to the experts; just as amateur mountaineers with experience limited to the Catskills would be ill-advised to try their skill on the Himalayas. Soaring inside clouds is usually done in thunderheads because they are the tallest (sometimes reaching six miles high) and have the strongest lift. There is no visibility whatsoever inside them so they are reserved for instrument pilots flying sailplanes equipped for instrument flight. Furthermore the pilot must be ready to encounter severe turbulence, usually not as bad as that found in a wave, but capable of breaking up a ship if he doesn't stay right on the ball.

The Soaring Society of America, acting on behalf of the Federation Aeronautique Internationale, with headquarters in Paris, issues a series of pins and certificates to glider pilots testifying to their proficiency in the art of soaring.

Sport soaring, while it is tremendously satisfying and thrilling, is not at all dangerous if the usual flying safety rules are observed.

And the grin on the face of a novice pilot who has just come down from his first 45-minute soaring flight is proof positive that you don't have to get in and mix it with a thunderhead or a wave to get an intoxicating thrill out of sky sailing.



AMBASSADORS IN SHORT PANTS

By Al Balk

IT WAS 1951, and the Cold War was going badly for the United States in Berlin. There'd been Red youth riots, booing and bottle-throwing at a boxing match involving Sugar Ray Robinson, and assorted other slaps in the face to the West. A dramatic move was clearly called for — and soon. But diplomats were stumped.

Then along came a basketball team, the Harlem Globetrotters. In Paris with a day off on their European good-will tour, they were contacted by John J. McCloy, then U.S. High Commissioner to Germany, and flown to Olympic Stadium, where 75,000 persons waited. The colored clowns wowed 'em, blending

their usual formula of skill and slapstick to win whoops of approval even from Red agitators in the crowd.

But that wasn't the only blow to the Commies' chins. A helicopter slowly settled into the stadium and discharged former Olympic champion Jesse Owens. There was a crash of applause as the great Negro sprinter jogged toward the spot where Adolph Hitler snubbed him in 1936, and Berlin's acting mayor, Ludwig Shreiber, stepped forward.

"Jesse," he said, "fifteen years ago this month Adolph Hitler refused to give you his hand. I'm proud to give you both of mine."

That moment, one of athletic history's most dramatic, still hasn't been forgotten in Berlin. Nor in the State Department, for it was one of that sector's most timely blows in the Cold War. And the effect is the same every time the basketball buffoons go abroad (six times so far, including last summer).

The Communists have chirped that America persecutes minorities, Negroes actually aren't free, and U.S. athletes are boorish national heroes. But the Globetrotters are gentlemanly, well-dressed, obviously happy and prosperous, and coached by a member of another minority group (Jewish), 54-year-old Abe Saperstein, a childhood emigrant from England.

"When the people see the Globetrotters, they realize the Red propaganda is a lot of hogwash," says Ken Opstein, former International News Service reporter who was U.S. Press Attaché in Rome during a Trotters visit.

Trackmen, baseball teams such as the Giants and Yankees, and other athletes may go abroad — and they do — but none has the peculiarly lasting impact of the Globetrotters. In 1952, they made the first around-the-world tour by an American athletic organization since 1913, when the New York Giants and Chicago White Sox circled the globe. That Trotter jaunt covered 52,000 miles and 34 different nations, many of which had never before seen a top professional sports event.

Saperstein's comedians, complete with a half-time vaudeville show, have gone virtually everywhere but the South Pole and behind the Iron Curtain. (The Reds want no part of them, at least not so far.) When possible, Saperstein coordinates with the State Department to produce results such as the 1952 Berlin appearance. This year, besides the usual London, Paris and other Continent stop-offs, they also touched the Middle East. And already, next year's tour is being planned.

WHY ARE the Trotters so popular? One factor is Saperstein's clever promotion. Another is their genius for comedy which knows no language or cultural barriers. Then, too, their strict set of good-sportsmanship rules, their policy of never refusing to sign an autograph, and the fact any nation is flattered to see a major sports attraction, all make "Go Home, Yank" signs disappear.

In Reims, France, for instance, they assumed showers had caused cancellation of an outdoor game, but 5,000 spectators huddled in the drenched stadium anyhow to see the team play in rain togs. In Portugal, 5,000 persons turned away from a sell-out game paid to see a practice. In Malaya, despite an oncoming monsoon, the Trotters played twice to crowds of 20,000 persons. And in the Phillipines, though a downpour delayed for three hours a game in a cleared canebrake, 12,000 howling Filipinos turned out in the evening.

Each story gets more fantastic, yet each is true. Staid England is no exception. When the BBC cut off a Globetrotter telecast early, irate viewers almost burned out the switchboard with their protests. In Vienna, 14,000 persons watched from inside and 10,000 more stood outside listening to the game — despite weather so hot 600 persons were treated for heat stroke.

"It seems there's a common denominator among all the peoples of the world in entertainment such as ours," smiles owner Saperstein in a masterpiece of reserve. His troupe has played for the King and Queen of Greece, Sultan of Morocco, Egypt's General Naguib, Argentina's Juan Peron, and even Pope Pius XII. In 1952, the Pontiff was so receptive in their 45-minute audience, he asked to see their sleight-of-hand passing routine to the tune of "Sweet Georgia Brown" and made them repeat it.

Though the team originated in 1928 playing in haylofts and cracker-box gyms, it now holds all indoor and outdoor records for basketball crowds — including the 75,000 in Berlin. Overseas, it appears in everything from soccer stadiums to bull-fight rings, or drained swimming pools, or on the seven-ton portable floor which is shipped ahead of their game-a-day schedule when possible. Last year in Nuremberg, Germany, their court was the tops of desks left over from the War Crimes trials.

SOME two million persons a year see the Trotters' show, they play 50 weeks of 52, and their cash register rings up some \$3 million a year as they travel about 200,000 miles. This all costs money — up to \$4,000 a day — and though it's not generally known, Saperstein loses up to \$40,000 per three-month foreign tour. That's due to required extra arrangements, travel bills and ticket prices at foreign levels though expenses remain at the American Standard.

So popular has the team become, there are two "alternate" units of lesser stars playing smaller towns while the main club flies hither and yon. Still, some 600 invitations a year must be turned down. But Saperstein, who is genuinely patriotic, refuses to cancel his foreign tours, silently supports such funds as the U.S. Olympic kitty, and manages to coach his team from the bench in most games.

Some day Saperstein hopes to pierce the Iron Curtain. Then there may be newspaper stories similar to this from Luxembourg:

"It will be a great day for us when we have the pleasure of receiving our American friends in this city. Twice . . . we greeted you as liberators, but this time you are coming to offer us a show, which certainly we will never forget."

Nor will they, for the Harlem Globetrotters are diplomats deluxe — our Ambassadors in Short Pants.

In the MERCURY'S Opinion **By RUSSELL MAGUIRE**

More than in anything I could write, the Christmas Spirit is expressed in these excerpts from three of my favorite hymns:

HARK! the herald angels sing
Glory to the new-born King!
Peace on earth and mercy mild,
God and sinners reconciled!
Joyful, all ye nations, rise,
Join the triumph of the skies:
With the angelic host proclaim
Christ is born in Bethlehem!
HARK! THE HERALD ANGELS SING
GLORY TO THE NEW-BORN KING!



ABIDE with me; fast falls the eventide;
The darkness deepens; Lord with me abide;
When other helpers fail and comforts flee;
Help of the helpless, O abide with me.

Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day,
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away,
Change and decay in all around I see;
O Thou who changest not, abide with me.

Hold Thou thy cross before my closing eyes;
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies;
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee;
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me.



Crown Him the Lord of Heaven,
Enthroned in worlds above;
Crown Him the King, to Whom is given
The wondrous name of LOVE.
Crown Him with many crowns,
As thrones before Him fall,
Crown Him, ye kings, with many crowns,
For He is King of all.

The Life of RILEY

■ PHILIPPINE STYLE ■

By Irene Corbally Kuhn

SCATTERED all over the Philippines, on pineapple and coconut plantations, in the remote back country, are the postwar American adventurers—and their equally adventurous wives. They are hacking careers for themselves and prestige for their country out of forest and jungle as they build new industries and rehabilitate old ones. One such American couple are Howard and Jean Hick who live two hours' fast driving from Manila in a 22-acre compound of lush, tropical beauty near the southern spur of the Sierra Madre Mountains.

The compound is in the *barrio* (village) of Pahinga, near Candalaria, southeast of Manila, in the heart of the world's largest coconut-growing area. Here Howard Hick manages the small but efficient Peter Paul Philippines Corporation, supplying fresh dried coconut for millions of 10¢ candy bars, America's boon to its vast adult and small fry sweet-tooth population.

Almost any average routine-weary American, if he could have a quick look at this beautiful place, with its



rolling lawns, tall palms and brilliantly-colored flowering shrubs might well shout, "Shangri-La, here I come!"

If he could look further and see the lovely white houses with their long, low overhang for shade, set amidst the glossy, rich tropic verdure, he'd start running. If he could look further still and see inside the houses, with their cool, waxed floors of black tile, spacious, high-ceilinged rooms opening out on private vine-hung patios, there would be no stopping him at all.

And as if that were not enough, the houses are rent-free, fitted with the newest electrical equipment, air-

conditioned and completely modern.

Besides the Hicks and their three small children, there are three other couples with a flock of children among them to enjoy the other perquisites of the compound which include tennis courts, a swimming pool and a nine-hole golf course that zigzags back and forth around the coconut trees, and boasts one hole of 188 yards.

The older Hick children help care for the big vegetable garden which the adults of the compound laid out and planted. Beyond the vegetable garden is the poultry run for chickens, ducks and turkeys, and all the other children take care of the chores there as well as feeding the milk cow and beef animals who pasture nearby.

Howard Hick, the "big boss" of this thriving jungle enterprise, is 45 years old, a handsome six foot six. He was born in Easton, Pennsylvania, was a Guggenheim Scholarship winner in aeronautical engineering, a finalist in the 1932 Los Angeles Olympics, and a man for whom the word "fabulous" was surely coined. He spent three years in Santo Tomas Internment Camp when the Japs turned it into a prison for 3,000 Americans and other foreigners caught in the Philippines when World War II broke out there. Jean, his wife, was interned with him.

HICK's "team" at the jungle factory includes a pair of fellow-internees at Santo Tomas and two other young couples.

"You might think we'd find it dull here, wouldn't you?" Hick asked. Everybody had come over for a swim in the L-shaped pool set in the green lawns across from the Hick house. The pool bubbled with fresh clear water piped in from the mountain spring nearby.

"Nothing to do but golf, swim, play tennis, maybe a little bridge. No movies, no theater, no dancing, no excitement — nothing. Not even any stores to go to. Nobody to gossip about . . ."

"Pay him no mind," cautioned Mrs. Hick. "We run our houses, take care of the children, order the meals, cook them — and *then* we play golf and tennis and swim."

"Life of Riley, that's what it is!" her husband shouted, diving into the pool. The oldest Hick child, Howard R., Jr., nicknamed "Cracker" because he was born on the Fourth of July, was swimming around like a young seal. The other Hick children, six and three, paddled happily inside inner tubes. Their father swooped them up and splashed and rough-housed them to their squealing delight.

Hick is a man of tremendous warmth and friendliness, with a heart big enough to cherish all the children on the compound, his own, his partners', and all the Filipino children, especially Dr. Joaquin de Guzman's 11-year-old boy who is young "Cracker's" inseparable companion. "Chocolate" and "Vanilla" are his pet names for young Ping de

Guzman, so black-haired and brown and little "Cracker," so fair-skinned and tow-headed.

The "life of Riley" gibe was pure fun. Everyone knew it. For this is one of the hardest-working young groups in the whole archipelago.

Jean Hick does all her own cooking despite the intense heat and the high, oppressive humidity of the Philippine summer. She was doing most of the housework in their two-story home, too. The wife of their houseboy had been taken suddenly ill and Jean Hick had insisted that the anxious man go up-country himself to be with her and bring her down to the compound's fine 14-bed hospital.

IN HER genuine concern for her servants' happiness and health, Jean Hick is representative of a new kind of spirit among Americans in the Far East.

The pre-war foreigner — and the 1945-46 carpetbagger — who came to the Orient to exploit the area and the people, to take what he wanted and give nothing back, is a rapidly-disappearing species. In the Philippines, he is virtually extinct. A few die-hards still gripe about the "good old days" in the bars and clubs of Manila, but the new postwar breed is busy pioneering in the provinces, sweating it out side by side with their Filipino employees.

There's plenty of good-natured wise-cracking, but no whip-cracking. Instead, there's a camaraderie

and mutual respect, born of the war-time days when Americans and Filipinos were comrades in arms or fellow prisoners in internment camps during the Japanese occupation of the islands.

Jean Hick is one of those who discovered the unselfish depths of the Filipino nature through suffering and she has not forgotten it.

Nor has Howard Hick. Nobody asked the Hicks to be American ambassadors. But they represent the best kind of Americans and, just by being themselves, they are the finest unofficial ambassadors the country could have. By the sincerity and honesty of their actions, they are living examples of the most effective brand of anti-Communist propaganda America can disseminate.

In the case of the Hicks, they began right and their example has trickled down to the other Americans working with them. Hick explained his attitude in this way:

"I knew that if we were going to make a success of this operation, we'd have to get men who were tough but flexible; men who could get along with each other outside the factory as well as inside. And from my own experience, I knew that before I hired a man, I'd have to be sure of his wife, as well.

"In a job like this in the provinces, you hire the women, too. And you can't afford to have a discontented, unhappy wife in such a close-knit operation, 10,000 miles from home."

Jean Hick took up the talk. "When everyone lives as close as we do, all eight of us with our children, we just have to get along. You have to be even more thoughtful and careful than if you were living in a suburb back home, or even a very small town. This is like living in a town of only eight adults. We don't interfere with one another; we don't give advice unless we're asked for it."

I, myself, noticed a scrupulous regard for each other's privacy on the part of everyone. The women were not running in and out of each other's homes all the time. Families eat their meals alone except when they are invited to each other's home. On Christmas the Hicks are hosts to the others and to many of their Filipino neighbors. Other holidays they alternate as hosts.

"Another thing you learn, living this close kind of life," Jean Hick added, "and that's not to nag the servants. They have their own ways of doing things. While their ways may be different from ours, I wouldn't say ours are necessarily better."

"Sometimes, breaking in a new houseboy has its funny moments, especially if you're foolish enough to give a formal party before you're sure he's up to it. I'll never forget the time I had a small cocktail party when we first came here. I told the boy I'd like him to serve the canapes. He said, 'yes, mom,' the way they always do, but when the drinks came, nothing happened."

"I finally asked him, 'where are

the canapes?' He looked at me blankly and I repeated it. 'Canapes — you know, *canapes!*' He smiled then and rushed out into the kitchen and came back with an opened can of peas on a silver tray with some spoons. That finished me. We all wanted to laugh but no one did because it would have hurt his feelings."

The Sunday meal that day at Pahinga was a delicious chicken curry. Jean Hick had learned to make curry and serve it in proper Indian style when she and Howard had lived in Malvan, 450 miles from Bombay. That wasn't all she had learned there. The Hicks went out to India after cashew nuts for General Foods. Both young people learned the Mahratti dialect. They had to. They were the only white foreigners there.

HICK's problem was to extract the maximum oil content from cashew nut shells — a valuable by-product — without sacrificing the nut meats. The cashew nut is one of the toughest to shell. For years, the Hindu "untouchables" — the despised, lowest caste in India — opened them by hand, a slow, laborious and wasteful process.

An Indian mechanic finally devised a machine which, by applying heat and pressure, pricked holes in the shells and weakened them so that the nuts could be opened more easily and more shell and oil recovered. However, Hick discovered that

while they got more oil out of the shells by this process, they were also losing more of the principal product, the nut meats. The machine had to be redesigned and Hick had to do it; but production had to go on and so he had to study the old machines and tinker with them while they were in operation.

He is highly susceptible to poison ivy and certain other plants and substances, and the hot oil spewing out from the nuts and splashing around burned him severely on hands and legs. Besides that, he experienced a violent allergic reaction when the hot oil hit his skin, but he couldn't stop his experiments and he just lived with his injuries and allergies until finally he was paralyzed and could walk only with the aid of crutches.

But he licked the machine and worked out a design that not only extracted 70 percent of the oil (they had been recovering only 14 percent) but popped virtually all the nuts whole and unscorched from their shells. Where the previous yield had been 52 percent, the Hick machine gave them 85 percent. Before this happy result was achieved, however, and while production was moving from the hand-shelling stage to the second stage of the inadequate machine, he had run into a peculiarly Indian problem.

The "untouchables" working in the plant were mostly women and Hick could not show them how to do their work on the machines with-

out touching their hands, guiding them or brushing against them as he moved from machine to machine. This caused so much trouble that he had to teach his wife so that she could teach the women.

But there was still an objection to any slight physical contact with a foreign woman and finally, in desperation, Hick moved the entire operation miles away to Portuguese Goa where he didn't have the caste system among the native employees to plague him. It was then, however, that his burned legs gave way and he was afflicted with temporary paralysis. His bride had to take over.

Jean Hick is now 39 years of age, a mature, beautiful woman whose face reveals all the strength of character, courage, fortitude and good humor with which she has met the hard, bizarre, sad and funny incidents in her life. When her husband had to turn her into a machinist-teacher, and set her down amidst the splashing hot oil, she was only 24. They'd been married four years before, in 1935, after a four-month courtship.

JEAN HICK took over her husband's job while he hobbled around on his crutches on the sidelines, and her hands today bear the scars of her experience. She had to submit to burns, too, before Hick licked the machine and recovered from his paralysis.

General Foods sent Hick to Manila as their plant superintendent

from India. They were there when war broke out. As we talked that hot, sunny afternoon, I watched Jean Hick set aside a spoonful of prune whip which "Cracker" hadn't finished at lunch.

"I'll eat it myself," she said matter-of-factly as she got up and put the dish in the refrigerator. "It may seem foolish to save that spoonful but I learned not to waste food in Santo Tomas. It's second nature to me now."

"We had one period there in Santo Tomas," Hick said, "that we called 'the era of starvation.' There was an average of 21 deaths a month. I remember one day in January 1945 we kept a record of the menu. One ladle of watery mush and a cup of hot water for breakfast; one ladle of soy bean soup for lunch; and, for dinner, *camote* (that's a kind of sweet potato), beans and rice stew. That was a grim time, all right."

The Hicks, like other families, have a hobby room in their house. In it, along with the exact models of freighters, steamships, planes and trains which Hick has made, are some reminders of the bleak days in Santo Tomas.

"We were told to take food and clothing with us for three days that day in January 1942 when the Japs locked us up," Hick recalled. "It was three years to the day before we came out. I did this to commemorate that day." He reached up to a shelf and took down one of a dozen or so carved bamboo mugs.

"I taught myself carving and I did this to pass the time. I used what I could scrounge for colors — india ink, potassium permanganate, lipstick."

HE HANDED me the mug and I held it in my hand. It had been carved from a piece of bamboo four inches in diameter, and into the smooth surface on one side had been etched the grinning face of a Ubangi. Underneath Hick had picked out in raised letters: "Boss, does you-all think dey means years when dey says days?"

"I carved that the week we really hit bottom," he said, "but look at the other side. That's what I did the day we were released — when lots fewer of us left Santo Tomas than had come in."

I turned the mug over. Carved deeply and filled in with black ink was a toast Hick had read somewhere and remembered: "One cup to the dead already — Hurrah for the next that dies!" and underneath that — "Santo Tomas Internment Camp, Manila, P.I."

There was no date on it. I remarked on this to Hick.

"No need to put a date on it," he said, "I'll never forget that day. It was January 6, 1945."

Jean Hick smiled at her husband. "But that's a long time ago now."

He smiled in reply and nodded. "Yes, thank God." The smile broadened. "And now we've got the life of Riley, haven't we?"

I Beat POLIO

BY HAROLD LORD VARNEY

POLIO claims its victims by the tens of thousands, but it doesn't always win. Here is the story of a case that didn't follow the rule books. It happened in China. It happened to me.

Chinese New Year in Nanking 1948 was a gala three-day celebration. Grim clouds hung over the city — a civil war that was drawing remorselessly nearer, inflation in its poisonous stage, the slow erosion of morale in all classes. The effluvium of death was in the atmosphere. Nevertheless, for a few days, Nanking played.

But for me the New Year carnival had a particular meaning. It meant that for three days no Chinese workman would take a repair job.

On the first day of the celebration, my drains broke. The waste water collected in a rank cesspool in the troughs around the house. It collected in front of the rear servants' houses and they slept through the fumes and went on with their holiday-making and remained well. It backed up under my bedroom window, and mosquitoes carried the

infection to my unacclimated body.

When I pled with the servants to hunt me up a plumber they told me exasperatingly: "No can get now. After New Year, plumber come." And so, although I didn't know it at the time, I caught something.

There were overtones in the story. There was, first of all, the episode of the white cat.

My wife, who was only a few days from confinement, contributed to the sense of foreboding. Always allergic to cats, she was horrified to find a strange, gaunt, one-eyed beast lying under our bedroom window and giving off, at intervals, the banshee wail that Chinese cats emit. Suspicious of portents, she told the servants to get rid of the animal. They refused. "Lose cat, get bad luck, Missie," they told her.

One day I returned to the house to find my wife in a trembling panic. "It's in the bedroom," she gasped.

From under the bed, I dragged out the snarling one-eyed creature, while the servants watched with disquiet. The mystery was how the cat had won entrance to the room

through doors and windows which had been tightly sealed all day. And why my bed? That night the cat was gone.

I pride myself upon being totally free of superstition. But there was something evil about the whole happening which would not down. Worried about my wife's coming ordeal, I could not escape the fancy that I had seen an omen. The last thing which occurred to me was that the omen concerned myself.

A few days later, I awoke with a heavy headache and a general muscular discomfort. I stuck it out in my downtown office for two hours. Then the world began to revolve around me. An office coolie helped me to the car and piloted me home. I was put to bed. "Nothing but a tough case of grippe," I reassured my worried wife.

The next day I was worse. An excellent Chinese doctor who had cured me of dysentery a few weeks before was sent for. His bedside manner was reassuring.

"Your husband has the flu," he told my puzzled wife. "Be well again in three days."

He left me with pills and with bitter purgatives. I never saw him again. He was the first of a procession of bewildered medical men who stalked through my case.

With this assurance my wife, near her time, moved to the Gulu Hospital. A short time before, I had accompanied her to the grim stone building, the picture of radiant

health, to arrange for her room. No premonition that I would soon be there myself had crossed my mind.

THE NIGHT my wife left, my delirium set in. I babbled all night. Strangely enough, one part of my mind was conscious all the time of the nonsense I was talking. The next day my Chinese friends, who were my good angels throughout the ordeal, became genuinely alarmed. Wires were pulled and the Generalissimo's personal physician, reputedly the Number One doctor in China, was called in.

The great man was visibly annoyed at the pressure which was put upon him. Standing upon protocol, he indignantly balked when one of my Chinese colleagues, below the minister rank, came to escort him to my house. A special chauffeur-driven car, graded to his dignity, had to be procured for the trip and he arrived in a flurry of importance, attended by an entourage. Unfortunately, all this hocus pocus was wasted on me, who was in a near coma.

Making a hasty examination, the famous doctor snapped out his diagnosis. "He has paratyphoid," he pronounced.

He left more medicines and a trained nurse, who stayed beside me for the rest of the experience, except at night.

And then I became really sick. Delirious most of the time, unable to sleep except in nightmarish snatches, nauseated by all food,

wracked by anxiety, three more days of the "paratyphoid" period reduced me to near helplessness. The days passed in confused alternations of clear-headedness and coma—a montage of jumbled impressions. The fat old amah who had no English, peering down at me worriedly and indicating the thunder jar, the bewildered cook trying to urge tasteless food upon me, the shrill street sounds that came staccato over the wall of the compound, a confusing mist of visitors.

One day a caller, talking to me through my haze, told me that I had become a father. The next day in an interval of clear-headedness, I dictated a will. I discovered painfully that something had happened to my vocal chords. Part of them didn't respond and my words came with labored efforts.

The nights were the worst, after the nurse had gone home, and the deep sense of aloneness had set in. One night I made a horrifying discovery. My right arm was partially paralyzed. Attempting to read, I reached up to switch on the bed-light. My right arm fell helplessly to my side. Had I tried to walk, I would have discovered that my right leg was also useless. I got through that night a despairing prey to suicidal moods.

THE NEXT day, my Chinese friends moved in forcefully on the situation. So far I had refused to be moved to the hospital. I had an un-

reasoning dread of immurement. But it was determined that I must go to the Gulu Hospital, where my wife had preceded me.

The hospital superintendent, a dedicated medical missionary, came to the house to look me over. He examined my wasted limbs with a gravity which left me few illusions. Some months later, he told me that he was convinced that he was admitting a mortuary case.

The ambulance carried me to the hospital that afternoon.

Enthroned in the one sunny room in the dim ward and (what was to prove important during my convalescence) in the hospital's one raise-head bed, I had two visitors, my wife and my three-day-old daughter. My wife dissembled her horror of the death's-head mask that I had become as she held up the squirming red infant for me to see and touch. Perhaps it would be the last time, I thought.

And now a third doctor entered my case. An elderly missionary doctor who had self-sacrificingly devoted 30 years of his life to the demands of China undertook to keep me alive. He succeeded, with such limited resources as were at his command. But it was touch and go. And although he labored over me devotedly, he never succeeded in spotting my actual disease.

The days passed in a blur of sleeping pills, of glucose injections and other health-builders, and of spoon-fed liquid diet. And then

there were the constant probings. I had now been looked over by four physicians. But I still was without a diagnosis.

The Chinese nurses were wonderful. Few of them had more than a few words of pidgin English, but they hovered over me incessantly with smiles and reassurances.

There was one dreadful night when the sleeping pills didn't work and when the night street sounds which penetrated the windows scraped my raw nerves like an agonizing file. In a panic of rocking thoughts, I rang repeatedly for the night nurse, a wisp of a woman with an enigmatic smile. When I asked her for barbiturates, she gave me an emphatic "No." (I was already over my quota.) Finally she looked at me commandingly.

"You a Christian?" she asked. I nodded. "Then pray to God," she said.

Whether or not prayer did it, I got through the night.

ONE DAY it came to the attention of my Chinese government friends that a young French physician, specializing in neurology, was in China attached to the Chinese army. He was called in as a consultant. His practiced eye immediately saw that I was getting the wrong treatment.

After spinals and a few other unpleasant probing experiences, his verdict came. I had sleeping sickness — encephalitis — the dread virus disease which usually maims when it

does not kill. He instituted a new discipline of treatments, to supplement the strength-builders which had been keeping me alive. They must have worked because the dull clutch at my head left me, and I visibly bettered.

The next month was one of harrowing suspense. If I recovered, what would I be like? Would I live in a wheel chair? Would I be able to earn a living? There is a poignant memory of the first day I succeeded in leaving the bed to sit for a few minutes in a wheel chair. I wanted the whole hospital to see my feat. It was some kind of a turning point.

The outside world crept in through the windows of my hospital room like a bad dream. One day I heard the Chinese doctors talking. Tsinan was in danger of falling. The map points quickly assembled themselves in my mind. If this happened, then there was nothing which would hold between Nanking and the Communist armies. Would the Communists come to Nanking and find me there a hopeless paraplegic? The thought was spectral. It haunted me through my convalescence. But it didn't happen.

There was a despairing period when, convinced that I would never regain the use of my right arm, I attempted clumsily to teach myself to write with my left. For days, I filled paper with crude practicing. Midway in this experiment, I felt life coming back into my faithful right arm. The muscle cells were

reforming. In the end, the right arm came back to complete normal. The right leg restored itself more slowly.

It was not all seriousness. There were light moments when laughter returned. There was the preposterous feud between my wife and the elderly attending physician — a man of stern Victorian standards. My wife, while still in the hospital, would sit for hours at my bedside holding my hand and restoring my sense of normality. One day the doctor burst into the room.

"This has got to stop," he commanded. "In all the years of Gulu Hospital, we have never tolerated husbands and wives alone together in private rooms. I am sorry, young lady, but you must go."

And then there was the vendetta between my wife and my private nurse, a proprietary spinster who had clucked over me like a mother hen since the beginning of her attendance. She conspicuously resented any intrusions by a wife. When my spouse sent me a letter by the house boy, the nurse forcibly intercepted it and had it disinfected before it was placed in my hands.

I left the hospital after a five-week convalescence. At home I was still pretty helpless for weeks longer, navigating about clumsily with my stick.

There were some bad moments during my last months in China. There was the ghastly occasion when I lost my balance and, pivoting on my useless right leg, tumbled down

a flight of stairs in a restaurant in full view of the amazed diners. The injury was to my vanity.

THE TIME came when I was to return to the States. And then came the amazing snapper to my adventure.

In New York, some months after my return, I lunched one day with an old friend, a polio specialist, who is rated as one of the nation's top diagnosticians. He knew nothing of my China experiences but guessed part of the story even before he noticed what was left of my limp.

"Something has happened to you since I last saw you," he hazarded.

"I had the encephalitis in China," I answered tersely.

"I have treated scores of cases of encephalitis," he remarked. And he proceeded to ask me a series of searching questions. When he was through, he looked at me strangely.

"Are you sure you had encephalitis?" he asked. I told him of my diagnostic adventures in Nanking. He shook his head decisively. "It is impossible with your symptoms and after-effects that you had encephalitis," he said. "It couldn't have left you this way. You had poliomyelitis. There is no doubt of it."

But sometimes I ask myself the question, and wonder at medical science. How could I have been brought back from the threshold of death with a treatment for sleeping sickness, if all the time I had had the polio?

The SOCIALIST

Party

BY J. B. MATTHEWS

THE LAST serious stand made by the Socialist Party of America was in the election of 1932. In that year, the Party polled nearly a million votes for its presidential candidate, Norman Thomas.

It was a well-known fact, however, that the larger part of Thomas' support in the electorate was not based upon real socialist ideology. To a large number of the American people, Norman Thomas is a "nice man," and that, more than his professed socialism, has attracted wide support.

To many of the ideologically pure in heart, Thomas has never been a real socialist — certainly not a good Marxian. On the contrary, they have looked upon him as a milk-and-water Fabian reformer. To still others, both in and out of the Socialist Party, Thomas has never been anything more than a wind-bag with a gift for gab which he developed in his original training for the pulpit. Thomas is a graduate of Union Theological Seminary, and was for many years an ordained Presbyterian cler-

gyman. His break with the church had its beginning in World War I when he was an absolute pacifist. His brother, Evans Thomas, was imprisoned as a conscientious objector in World War I.

Norman Thomas often pretends that he has always been a staunch anti-Communist. His record belies this claim.

Throughout its existence, Thomas was one of the directors of the notorious Garland Fund (officially known as the American Fund for Public Service) which dispensed upwards of \$2,000,000, a major portion of which went to outright Communist enterprises. The *Daily Worker*, for example, was the recipient of \$57,000 from the Garland Fund. The Russian Reconstruction Farms, under the direction of Communist espionage agent Harold Ware, received \$34,000 — and so on and on.

Norman Thomas was a member of the advisory board of the Russian Reconstruction Farms. The manager of this outfit in the Soviet Union was Harold Ware who was exposed as the

agent who organized the Hiss-Chambers spy cell in the Federal government at Washington.

Norman Thomas was a member of a sponsoring committee and also a member of the advisory board of the Communist-front organization known as the American Student Union. It will be remembered that Joe Lash was the executive secretary of the American Student Union.

Norman Thomas was an endorser of the American Youth Act, a project of the Communist-controlled American Youth Congress.

Thomas was also a sponsor of the Consumers National Federation, a Communist outfit which Earl Browder termed a Communist transmission belt.

Norman Thomas was a sponsor of the "Mother Ella Reeve Bloor Forty-Fifth Anniversary Banquet." At the time of this banquet, Ella Reeve Bloor had already been notorious for years as the leading woman Communist Party member in the United States.

Norman Thomas was a sponsor of the North American Committee to Aid Spanish Democracy, an organization which has been cited as Communist and subversive by the Attorney General of the United States.

Finally, Thomas was a sponsor of the Communist-controlled Consumer-Farmer Milk Cooperative, Inc., which numbered among officers and sponsors such prominent Communist Party leaders as Rose Nelson and Max Badacht.

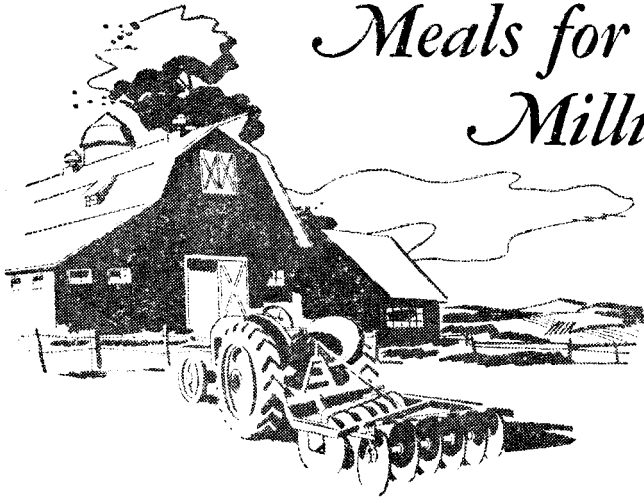
IN ADDITION to his affiliations with these out-and-out Communist projects, Norman Thomas has from the beginning been a bitter foe of the Congressional Committee on Un-American Activities. In general, his position as of today may be said to be that of a crusading anti-anti-Communist.

Ever since the Bolshevik revolution of 1917, the Socialist Party of America has been a sort of prep school of the Communist Party. Thousands who have joined the Kremlin's conspiratorial apparatus in the United States got their start in that direction by their membership in the Socialist Party. In fact, the very origin of the Communist Party in the United States was a split in the Socialist Party.

Getting down to the present reality, the Socialist Party of America is all but defunct. It is wholly without influence in the American political scene. In the early 1930's, socialists by the drove quit their Party to become New Dealers, without changing their ideological position one whit.

Americans for Democratic Action and the Liberal Party of New York have become the principal legatees of the old Socialist Party.

The objectives of these neo-socialist groups as well as those of what is left of the Socialist Party are the gradual extension of statism — larger and larger Federal government control and ownership of the country's economic life and institutions.



Meals for Millions

by
*Eleanor M.
Marshall*



NO ONE visiting the devastated regions laid waste by recent world conflicts ever imagines that anyone surviving in such an area has quibbled about the kind of food he will eat. For he either eats whatever is available or he dies of starvation.

Americans, as usual, are sharing with their less fortunate neighbors. Their solution today is Multi-Purpose Food (MPF), which can be sold for only three cents a meal. It lacks none of the essentials of more expensive foods except Vitamin C.

That is why MPF has proved such a blessing wherever there are hungry people. It is helping to save the lives of those "gray men of the world — the 1500-calorie people." MPF will work miracles among these underfed millions, who are so weakened by hunger that they easily fall prey to disease.

Because the population of the world has kept right on increasing and many of the largest increases have been in China and India, the very sections where scarcity of food has long been a problem, some authorities have taken a pessimistic view on the question of food. They declare that, because of poor soil and too much or not enough rain, man is not going to raise enough food for himself and his children.

But in the United States, which is blessed with the greatest and most varied supplies of food, a few dissenters began experiments to prove that the race need not die out because of famine. The result of their experimental work is Multi-Purpose Food.

No less an authority than Dr. Paul de Kruif says: "MPF is a satisfying, sustaining food; it has eye appeal,

bite appeal and taste appeal. I've eaten it and can testify it's good."

CLIFFORD CLINTON is the man responsible for getting MPF experiments underway. He is the son of a missionary who worked in China. In his youth he had seen the inhabitants of a famine area eat grass, bark, insects and worms, and it made such a great impression on him that his aim in life became a struggle to prevent any such necessity from happening to people anywhere on the globe.

His work for the last eight years has been that of carrying out his boyhood dream of supplying cheap meals for hungry millions. His two Los Angeles cafeterias were the starting points in his battle.

During the depression he contrived a meal costing five cents. It consisted of soup, meat, potatoes, a green vegetable and a pudding. This served to allay hunger for thousands of the jobless.

Yet Mr. Clinton was not content. His next venture was to enlist the help of other suppliers in the area and to serve meals at a penny a portion. These consisted of a bowl of rice with a ladle of soup poured over it. He had rolls of tickets printed and sold them indiscriminately for one cent each.

As soon as the government relief programs began operating, this penny restaurant was discontinued but the five-cent meal (without the ticket idea) continued to be served

at Clinton's during afternoon hours. These meals were hash or beans, two vegetables, bread and butter, a beverage and a dessert.

Although Mr. Clinton was running in the red with all such meals, he was just as determined as ever to find a way of supplying an adequate diet at a low cost. He knew much more about the problem now, for he had served nearly a million bowls of soup in less than six months! By the end of World War II he was ready to give \$5,000 to California Institute of Technology in 1947 to start a project with these stipulations:

"I want a cheap food that is high in nutrition, can be easily shipped and will not spoil if stored for long periods. And it must not violate any religious or social food taboos."

Dr. Henry Borsook, one of the Institute's biochemists, agreed to undertake the work. He was able to cut the cost from the five-cent limit to three cents a meal.

Borsook knew that soybeans are plentiful and contain much protein. He knew also that there is no scarcity of the solid vegetable matter called "grits" that is left over from firms using soybeans to make margarine fats and cooking oils. So he used 90 percent soy grits and added minerals and vitamins to produce the formula now known as Multi-Purpose Food. The fact these soybean grits were cheap played an important part in his decision which resulted in that cut from five cents to three cents.

Only two ounces of soymeal provide 24 grams of high-quality protein, which is one-third of the recommended dietary allowance of protein a day for a man, as set forth by the Food and Nutrition Board of the National Research Council. The Council also gave recommended amounts for calcium, iron, Vitamin A, Vitamin B-1, Riboflavin (B-2) and Niacinamide. Synthetic sources were used when needed to bring these essentials up to the NRC requirements. Because Food and Drug Administration requirements differed slightly and included phosphorus and iodine as well as calcium, iron and vitamins, these were also added.

That explains why a meal, two ounces of MPF, contains only 200 calories and lacks Vitamin C, which is unstable in food when cooked. Eight hundred calories are standard. But MPF is usually used as a supplement to some available food; so it was decided that it was more important to keep the meal unit to two ounces rather than increase the bulk by adding some cereal, or to limit MPF use by adding sugar, or put a limit on the keeping quality by adding fats which might turn rancid if stored for long periods in hot climates.

MPF can be served in a variety of ways. It can be used as a nourishing ingredient for thin soups and stews as well as unseasoned for batters and for sweetened dishes. It takes on the flavors of accustomed foods and other seasonings and allows people

to use whatever seasonings they prefer. It adds nutrition to foods.

There is an infant formula C which has 25 percent dry milk solids replacing part of the soybean content. When this is boiled and strained, it can be fed to babies as a liquid and the gruel can be eaten by older children.

NORRIS E. DODD, Director-General of Food and Agriculture Organizations of the United Nations, has said: "I don't believe you can build a just or lasting peace in a hungry world."

One answer is the Meals for Millions Foundation, which in six and one-half years has had a total of \$800,650.36 from contributions by individuals and purchases made by relief agencies. They have supplied from this: 250,000 meals to the Philippines; 330,000 to Lebanon; several hundred thousand to Austria and Greece; and many more thousand meals for the poor in Italy as well as for the Navajo and Hopi Indian reservations and the migrant labor camps in California and Arizona.

Because each meal has 13 of the minimum daily requirements for an adult man, MPF is nutrition at bargain prices.

And still Mr. Clinton is far from satisfied with results. He feels that 70,000,000 meals can be produced each month by using only one percent of the yearly American soybean crop. This should go far in filling empty stomachs when famine hits.

THE *ghost* AT THE GENEVA FEAST

By Samuel B. Pettengill

WHAT DO the enslaved millions in Russia, Poland, China and all the Kremlin's conquered provinces think as they see pictures of President Eisenhower hob-nobbing on cozy terms with their tyrant masters?

Here were men guilty of more crimes against more people than history records. Here were men who have slaughtered more of *their own people* for resisting despotism than all the Czars and Neros who ever lived. And here were the leaders of the western world making every effort to cultivate their friendship and work out a *modus vivendi* with them. Mr. Eisenhower's purpose in going to the summit was to arrive at some permanent arrangement which of necessity would have to be satisfactory to the Kremlin cut-throats, not to the Russian people.

No one imagines that President Eisenhower has the slightest sympathy with the police state. Yet the logic of events points toward the

strengthening of that state over its own people as a result of the discussions at Geneva.

This is the ghost at the feast. Except for East Germany, no one spoke for the slaves.

How far will appeasement with tyrants go in the next meetings with the foreign ministers of Red Russia and Red China? Were these the same men who helped kill thousands of our sons at Korea, or were they some other men?

What a change since 1952! The Republican platform accused the Truman Administration of abandoning the Atlantic Charter "in favor of despots who consider murder, terror, slavery, concentration camps and the ruthless and brutal denial of human rights as legitimate means of their desired ends."

Continuing it said: "We look happily forward to the genuine independence of these captive people. We will end the negative and immoral policy of 'containment' which abandons countless human beings to despotism and Godless terrorism which in turn enables the rulers to forge the captives into a weapon for our destruction."

*Condensation from Human Events,
August 13, 1955*

In his first speech as Secretary of State, on January 27, 1953, Mr. Dulles said this: "To all those suffering under Communist slavery, to the timid and intimidated peoples of the world, let us say this: 'You can count on us!'" In October of that year he said that a forthcoming London meeting intended to formulate a policy for a world society based on "consent" as opposed to "coercion."

All forgotten. Nothing, it seems, is to be done or even said for the slaves any more. The "freedom loving people" behind the Iron Curtain have become a nuisance to statesmen. Except for East Germany (where we hope to benefit militarily), the Geneva love-feast seems to have tacitly ratified the worst of Yalta, Teheran and Potsdam. At those meetings we enacted a fugitive slave law for millions of people.

Don't forget that the GOP also promised in its platform to repudiate the secret pacts at Yalta which sold millions of men, women and children into slavery.

IT SEEMS PLAIN that the Kremlin was the big winner at Geneva. Hope of successful resistance against tyrants, which our forefathers said was "obedience to God" must grow dim in the breasts of the slaves.

Again, if the slave masters believe Mr. Eisenhower's assurances that the United States will never go to war against them, unless they first attack, they can now reduce their

military appropriations and divert more time and money to shore up their tottering industrial and agricultural economy. This helps to get them off the hook with their own hungry people. Meantime, because we don't trust the Moscow murderers, we will continue to spend billions on uneconomic military hardware.

What an abandonment of American principles!

America's historic sympathies have always been on the side of oppressed people (as we were once oppressed), whether in Ireland, South America, Haiti in 1804, Greece in 1825, Germany in the 1840's, Hungary in 1851, Cuba in 1898. We refused to sacrifice our own sons in wars to free them, but the oppressed always knew we were on their side. That helped. The Statue of Liberty in New York harbor is the symbol of our friendship for the oppressed.

It was the ardent hope of the founders of this Republic that the lamp of liberty they lighted on this western shore would shine in humble homes in far-off lands and that the down-trodden masses of the world would stand a little straighter because of us.

Lincoln said that "there is something in that Declaration [of Independence] giving liberty not alone to the people of this country, but hope to the world for all future time."

This was during the century of American independence before the policy of universal interventionism

made us the ally of some tyrants to fight others.

America's sympathy for the down-trodden did not mean war. For with it we coupled the great policies of neutrality and non-intervention. As President John Quincy Adams put it: "America goes not forth in search of monsters to destroy. She is the well-wisher of the freedom and independence of all. She will *recommend* the general cause by the countenance of her voice and the benignant sympathy of her example. . . . But she well knows that by *enlisting under other banners than her own . . . the fundamental maxims of her policy would insensibly change from liberty to force.*"

Under this known policy of sympathy for the oppressed but without military involvement, the United States could logically recognize any *de facto* government without appearing to approve foreign despots, including the Czars. And thus also "the land of the free" won the admiration, respect and homage of mankind.

It was a wise policy. It "kept us out of war" with foreign foes for one hundred years, without compromising the one thing that gave a radiant meaning to the word "America."

SINCE ABANDONING this policy we have fought two and a half world wars in which 50,000,000 people died — wars won by our soldiers and lost by the politicians of "collective security" and "indivisible

peace." Now, as Churchill says, we "lie in the grip of even worse perils than those we have surmounted." This is what we got when we turned our backs on Washington, Jefferson, Monroe and Lincoln.

When we abandoned our time tried policy of neutrality and non-interventionism and began to pass *official* moral judgments upon selected "gangster" governments and went to war to reform them, with the help of such other gangster governments as had reasons of their own to join us, we corroded basic American ideals. *It is a strange sight to see our present leaders march domestic Communists to prison and officially invite their foreign bosses to dinner!*

If governments derive their just powers from "the consent of the governed," we could not do legitimate business at Geneva. Where were the just powers of Bulganin, Khrushchev and Zhukov to speak for the Russian people? Such powers as they had were written in "murder, terror, slavery and the ruthless and brutal denial of human rights" as the GOP platform said.

Four presidents and their secretaries of state, including Charles Evans Hughes, refused to deal with such international bandits. When President Roosevelt was about to "recognize" the Bolsheviks in 1933, the labor statesman, Sam Gompers, said, "The Soviet power can not be recognized because it is an autocracy forced upon the people of Russia without their consent."

With reference to membership in the proposed United Nations, the Catholic Bishops of America in 1944 made a similar statement. In 1939, Pope Pius XI said, "No one who would save Christian civilization may collaborate with it (the Kremlin) in any undertaking whatever." When Russia attacked Finland, even Mr. Roosevelt said that Russia was a dictatorship as absolute as any the world had ever known. Within two years, however, Roosevelt called it a "freedom loving" outfit, which was a lie then as it is now. The League of Nations expelled the Soviets as outlaws.

As long as we have forsaken our historic policy of non-interventionism it would be better to say that the United States of America, "the land of the free," will not recognize any government that denies its people the right to free and uncoerced elections. Such a government, of course, should rest on the existence of free speech, a free press, the right to organize opposition political parties and to have a parliamentary form of government.

Many believe there can be no true peace for us as long as the gangster government of Russia and her kidnapped satellites exist. Many believe that our real allies in the search for a genuine and not a phony peace are not France, Italy, England, or Yugoslavia, but the oppressed underground in the Soviet Empire. What do we say to them — not in unofficial political platforms, but in

official statements from the White House itself?

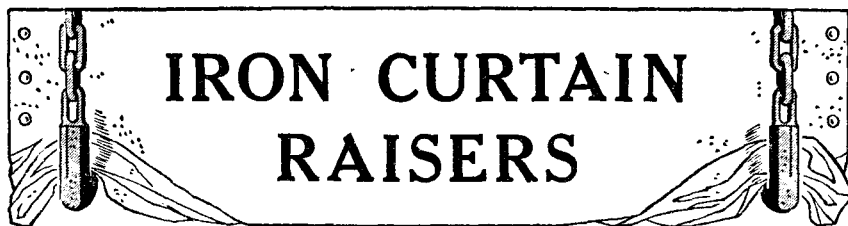
Whether successful revolution against their police state is possible, I do not know. But why close the door of hope to the millions in the Russian slave labor camps, and in Poland, Czechoslovakia, and the other conquered provinces behind the Iron Curtain?

It may be that the officials of both parties now in charge of our country have decided to close the book on the Declaration of Independence and its legacy of liberty. It may be that the policy has already been decided to cultivate the friendship of the masters of the slaves and thus buy "peace in our time."

It may be thus. But as long as a minority that will not sacrifice the Declaration of Independence to appease international criminals exists, and it will exist, they can warn Americans today as Lincoln did in 1858:

"What constitutes the bulwark of *our own* liberty? . . . Our defense is the preservation of the spirit which prizes liberty as *the heritage of all men, in all lands, everywhere*. Destroy this spirit and you have planted the seeds of despotism around your own doors. *Familiarize yourselves with the chains of bondage and you are preparing your own limbs* to wear them."

What we should have presented to the masters of the slaves is the Declaration of Independence and the Emancipation Proclamation and say to them: "When you recognize these, we will recognize you."



IRON CURTAIN RAISERS

► A high party official was inspecting a new hospital in Prague. In one ward he viewed a strange group of men who were hitting their heads against the wall. "Who are these people?" he asked. "Why do they act like this?"

The escorting physician explained: "These are people who have recently returned to Czechoslovakia from abroad."

► Marshal Bulganin made a personal inspection of the housing situation in Moscow. When he walked through a public park with his aides, he noticed two or three people sleeping on each park bench. He turned to an aide and said: "Comrade, we must correct this situation at once — see to it that more benches are put up immediately."

► A pledge by one Red worker in the Russian zone of Germany was hastily scrapped by horrified officials. The man's occupation: coffin bearer at the cemetery. The man's pledge: to "overfulfill" his monthly quota.

► A recent convert to Communism met a friend on a Prague street. "Long live Molotov!" he shouted with enthusiasm.

"Didn't you shout 'Long live Hitler' only a few years ago?" asked his friend.

"I sure did, but didn't he die?"

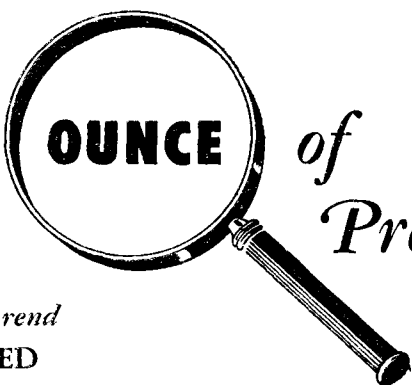
► Rules for Intellectuals: 1. When you think, do not talk. 2. When you talk, do not write about it. 3. When you do write something, deny it immediately.

► A Communist official in Poland met a non-political friend. "It's awful," said the Red, "NATO chiefs training troops and uniting Europe against Russia and what's worse, their headquarters in France."

"That's the worst of it," said the friend. "Why couldn't they have selected Poland?"

— PAUL STEINER

That **OUNCE** *of* *Prevention*



By the Reverend
R. R. REED

I WAS in my office at the Oklahoma State Penitentiary. The telephone rang sharply. I lifted the receiver and a voice inquired, "Chaplain Reed?"

"Yes, sir."

"This is Warden Waters. Can you come to my office right away?"

"Yes, sir. Be right there, Warden."

We all knew what was to take place on this day, but none of us had known who was to be the one responsible for the failure or success of it; "it" being the plan of a Tulsa judge. Now the Warden had called me and the responsibility was mine. I knew it was going to be an ordeal.

Usually we show the best within penal institutions, but this time I must show the worst, rottenest, basest, most degrading and sordid

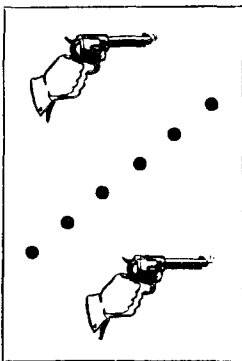
part of prison life — and I must make it stick. The soul of a 16-year-old boy was at stake.

We will call the boy "Jim." He was charged with robbery with firearms, which can carry the death penalty in Oklahoma. Two things were in Jim's favor: It was his first offense and he had a judge who took the duties of his office seriously and was concerned about youth.

Jim's parents were of the middle income bracket, which as a rule does not spawn delinquents, and Jim had

never known want. He was an only child, was acquainted with Sunday school and church services. He had quit school but, contrary to most cases of this sort, was not running around with the "wrong crowd" at the time of his trouble.

The outcome of the case had been due to the combined efforts of the



County Attorney, arresting officer, investigating officer and the District Judge in consultation with the youth's parents. Jim had pleaded guilty and was given a five-year suspended sentence with the stipulation that he must spend 24 hours at the State Penitentiary.

I met Jim in the Warden's office. He was a nice looking lad, quiet and thoroughly ashamed, or so he seemed, and very out of place. That was good. I felt the judge had been wise to pronounce such a sentence. The plan just had to succeed.

OUR DAY began in the Mess Hall. The "short line" was being fed so I put Jim in line, handed him his plate and spoon (no other flatware allowed). He walked by the steam table where he received regular prison fare. I seated him at the end of the table next to an inmate I knew well. I was sure of what he would say to Jim.

"How much d'ja bring with yuh, kid?"

Jim knew nothing about prison lingo, but after due explanation he replied he was on a five-year suspended sentence.

"How old are yuh?" persisted the inmate.

"Sixteen."

"This is no place for a punk like you."

Jim drank his coffee but ate nothing. I explained that we did not throw away food, and that any inmate caught wasting it received

punishment, and the lightest punishment in a penitentiary is not fun. Any man can have all the food he wants, but he eats all he takes on his plate.

By now every man in the place knew the score. When one man knows anything in the prison, the grapevine carries it along faster than the speed of sound, or so it seems. Silent figures stared at Jim, then turned and walked away. Their very silence was chilling and Jim stuck close to me.

We walked through the Sergeant's office to the west cell-house and climbed two flights of steel steps to the catwalk which led to the record office. Inside, we halted before a huge picture frame in which there were "mugs" (fronts and profiles) of the 71 men who had "gone down" in Oklahoma's electric chair. Jim was already sober; now he began to look morose.

I told him about the man whose picture was last of the 71, a man whose life was not too unlike his own. Max Klettke was only one year older than Jim when he became involved in his first, and last, gunplay — a hitch-hike robbery in which murder was accidental. The electric chair had claimed his life a month before. Jim stared at the boyish face but didn't say much. Shame, fear and misery were mirrored in his eyes.

We next headed for the brick yard about a mile from the walls. When we arrived, I stopped the car,

placed the keys in a basket which a guard pulled up to a tower. Jim watched the keys disappear from sight.

"That is just in case some one decided to snatch the keys and make a run for it," I explained. "You see, not everyone likes it in here," I attempted irony, "and although the guards might not mind making a sieve out of a man, they would sure hate to put a bullet through my car!"



WE WALKED past half a dozen kilns to the Pit. It is about 200 yards across and 40 feet deep. We stood on the rim and looked down into the bottom where men were digging the hard way, with picks and shovels. In towers surrounding the Pit's rim stood guards with rifles, ever watchful. The heat was terrific; over 100 degrees where we stood on the rim. It is always hotter in the Pit by 10 to 15 degrees — and no breeze ever gets there.

Jim watched the men, and I watched Jim. He kept swallowing hard and shifting from one foot to the other. His hands were clenched tightly in his pockets, and his mouth was a firm, tight line. When I was sure he had had enough, we made our way back through the gate and to the car. He was silent as we drove back to the Walls. As we entered the front gate, guards "shook us down."

"This is daily routine, too," I told Jim. He lifted his eyes to me but his smile failed. We had three gates to go through and as each closed and locked behind us, Jim flinched.

Inside the walls again, we went out onto the yard. I saw Ed and called him over. It was essential that Jim talk with the right inmates. After meeting Jim, Ed asked,

"Boy, you got a mother?"

"Yes Sir."

"Well, I had one when I was your age, but I ain't got one now.

She died of a broken heart — over me." (It even sounded like the truth.) I was not surprised at the manner in which Ed continued, and I knew he was laying it on for my benefit, too. "I guess you know you are the luckiest kid that ever came in this place. Nobody ever got a break like you're gettin'. For God's sake, boy, when you get outta here, go home. Go home to your mother, go back to school, and go back to church."

Ed hesitated an instant and squinted hard into the boy's eyes. "I'm an old man, son. I go to Sunday school and church every Sunday here in our chapel. If I'd had enough sense when I was your age to go to church and finish school, I wouldn't be here now."

His face suddenly seemed very weary and his voice betrayed his

emotions as he finished, "I'm doin' all of it, boy (serving a *life* sentence). All I have to look forward to is for them to carry me out that East Gate in a pine box and let the Chaplain bury me in Peckerwood Valley" (the name the inmates had given the prison cemetery).

I led Jim over to another part of the prison yard where I had spotted Dink. The inmate was sitting in the shade of the factory building. I knew Dink and what he would say to Jim — I moved away from them that he might feel no restraint in expressing himself to the boy. Jim had heard cursing before, but he had never heard anything like the vitriolic abuse that poured from the lips of old Dink. Dink told Jim the particular kind of fool he was, and with an oath, he snarled, "Get on away from here and I don't wanta ever see you here again."

WE WENT to Death Row where its only occupant was awaiting execution. Carl was there as the result of the robbery of a small grocery store. A year later he became the 72nd victim of the chair.

Carl had been on Death Row three years and his hopes were fast waning. He looked at Jim, and, searching for the right words, bared his soul to him. He gave Jim some of the best advice any young man ever received, and Jim was listening.

When he had finished it was lunch time and I hoped Jim would eat something. But his steps dragged

and he could not lift his eyes. He had a lot to think about, and he still did not eat.

Going by the Sergeant's desk, I picked up the keys to the execution chamber which is underground. Each iron door that I unlocked I purposely slammed behind us so it would echo and re-echo through Jim's ears for a long time to come.

It was a gruesome business, but I had to impress this boy with the kind of life he must accept or reject. Also, I had to show him the constant strain under which men who choose a life of crime are forced to live.

We looked at the six cells adjacent to the chair room, or "cage." I had Jim go into the cell closest to the cage and told him that was the room in which every condemned man in the State of Oklahoma had spent his last night on earth. I told him that it was where he would spend this night. I locked the door and said I would be back in an hour. It was essential that he have time to think -- hard.

Upon my return, Jim asked in a strained voice, "Have you been gone only one hour?" I opened his cell door and the door of the cage where the electric chair stands in all its hideousness. The cage is about 16 feet square and the chair is placed in front of the switch, though not facing it.

Although the current was turned off, I threw the main switch as I solemnly announced, "This is what snuffs out the life of a man, Jim,

when the State says that is the price he must pay for his deeds. I have had to watch three men pay that price: God forbid that it should ever happen to you." With these words I released the switch and told Jim to sit down in the chair.

He hesitated. "You mean sit down?" he asked. "I mean sit down," I assured him.

I strapped his arms and legs to the chair, but explained that I would not put the mask or the hood on him. Then I told him I would be back soon and left the cage.

I stepped just out of sight and my heart winced as I heard heavy breathing and a stifled sob. It was all I could do to stay away the two minutes I forced myself to take.

I was sure now that there was no glamor to crime in Jim's eyes. I released him and led him back to the adjacent cell where he had waited for me one hour. He was trembling and on the verge of tears, and I turned my head to avoid the plea in his eyes.

After locking him in and telling him a guard would be down to see what he wanted for supper, I assured him I would see him early the next morning and bade him good night.

I did not sleep much that night. I kept thinking, "Jim has really had it. Will it work? Will it work?"

I was back early the next morning. Jim looked as though he had not slept at all, and he was so glad

to see me. In reply to my "Good-morning," he said, "It is a good morning, isn't it, Sir!" He was humble and he had a smile on his face as he brushed the tears from his eyes with the back of his hand, unashamed.

He still did not want any food, but agreed to drink a cup of coffee. Coffee was all he consumed while at OSP.

We finished our coffee and started for the Warden's office.

Jim's relief became greater with every door that closed behind us. His 24-hour period of confinement was ended and, as the Warden and I watched him going down those 39 steps outside the front gate of the Penitentiary, we wondered what the effect on him would be.

Now, his five-year sentence is almost up and he has been in no more trouble. He has finished high school and is regular in his church attendance, is a member of its youth organization and has a good job. No one would know anything unusual had happened to him.

I have thought a lot about Jim — and a lot about other Jims. He was given a chance and it worked. Without a doubt, I believe, he has been saved from a life of crime. It seems to me that this pattern might be followed in a number of instances to the benefit of the individuals involved and to the eternal glory of God.

BEHIND OUR

Christmas Customs

BY CHARLES E. BOOTH

THE jolly old elf in the red suit and black belt and boots known in America as "Santa Claus" derives his name from Saint Nicholas, patron saint in Europe of boys, money lenders, pirates and thieves. In Holland, he was and still is referred to as "San Nicholaas," and it remained for the people of southern Germany to arrive at the name, "Santa Claus." But credit for the legend of Saint Nicholas must be equally divided between the people of Sweden, Holland and Germany. The settlers from those countries introduced that happy personality to the colonies in America back in the early 1600's.

The legend of Santa's reindeer is a colorful one. There is the story of the wee elf who lived happily in far-

off Lapland and roamed the northern Scandinavian countries helping people who were in need. Riding in a miniature sleigh drawn by a team of tiny reindeer, he represented the

very spirit of friendship and happiness.

This legend was brought to America by Scandinavian immigrants who settled in the Colonies. Both the story of the little elf and the legend of Saint Nicholas were put together and originated the story of

Santa Claus and his sleigh full of toys, pulled by reindeer.

Christmas customs and Merrie Old England seem to go hand in hand, but despite all the ancient Yuletide customs still carried out in some parts of that country today, hardly any of them are followed here in America. There is no tradi-



tional boar's head ceremony in our country. And we do not draw in the Yule Log amidst pomp and ceremony — in fact, none of our Christmas dinners are ever connected with either of these ancient English customs.

But England received the legend of Santa from us ages ago and it became, almost overnight, an important part of the English Christmas. In recent years, however, England has been discarding the Santa Claus story in favor of Father Christmas, the legendary character who was first depicted as the spirit of Christmas in that country in the 1850's. The two of them are closely related in character and in physical appearance.

THE POPULAR custom of setting up the Christmas tree has several origins. But one of the most common and interesting legends connected with this part of Christmas can be traced back to the time when the ancient religions of Thor and Woden were replaced by Christianity in Germany. A huge oak tree, sacred to the religion of Thor, was torn down one stormy night by Father Boniface and a companion named Gregor in the midst of a fierce battle against a savage German tribe. In place of the oak tree, Father Boniface dressed up another tree with sparkling decorations and thus created the first Christmas tree.

A band of traveling monks and missionaries suggested that the se-

lection of firs and evergreens was far better in many ways for the purpose of Christmas trees. They pointed out that since Christmas was meant to be colorful, the evergreens and the firs were the right choice because they wore a cloak of green all year round.

The decorating of the Christmas tree as we know it today probably originated with Martin Luther, who seeing a beautiful tree in the forest, ordered it cut down and placed where everyone could enjoy it. To make it even more beautiful, he placed candles on its branches and trimmed it with brightly-colored ornaments.

At about the same time that Santa Claus was being accepted in England, America borrowed the idea of singing Christmas carols from that country. Most of the older carols were of English and German origin. Sometime later, the custom of carol singing in the streets of towns and villages came into being. In early America wandering minstrels took great delight in singing them as they visited the different towns. But such a custom was practiced for years in England before it started here.

The story of Befana, the disagreeable fairy, is the legend behind the custom of hanging the Christmas stocking. Befana was informed one day that Three Wise Men were traveling to the manger in which the Christ Child was born. They were bearing presents to the Babe and wished the fairy to join them. But

Befana stubbornly refused without reason and she did not even look out of her window when the Wise Men passed her house.

Later, however, she repented and, feeling ill at ease over her refusal to join the Wise Men, she planned to look upon them when they returned from their visit. But alas — her attempt to correct her guilt came too late. The Wise Men had heard of the cruel plan of King Herod to kill the Babe and so had returned by a different route; thus Befana lost her chance to pay them tribute.

Soon afterward, a heavenly angel appeared at the fairy's house and ordered her to spend the rest of her days looking out of her window as punishment for her refusal to join the Wise Men. And as a second form of punishment, Befana was directed to visit the home of every child and fill his stocking with toys and sweetmeats on each anniversary of the visit of the Wise Men.

THE CHRISTMAS CANDLE fills as important a place in our holiday customs as does the Christmas tree. In homes, schools and churches all over the land, the brightly burning Christmas candle sends a warm glow of friendship as it welcomes passersby.

The custom of lighting the candle at Christmas comes from one of the oldest of all Christmas legends. In a small village, there lived a lowly shoemaker who had little to offer

save his genuine love of people. But poor though he was, he welcomed all travelers who chanced to pass by his home. Every evening just as the sun was dropping out of sight, he would light a candle and place it in his window so that all might see it.

When at length, war came to his country, the shoemaker continued to hold to his custom of placing the lighted candle in the window each night without fail. As conditions in the country grew worse, the shoemaker told his friends that the lighted candle was a symbol of peace, for light and peace are as one. Indeed, the very rays from the candlelight seemed to tell that the shoemaker was at peace with the whole world even though men were fighting for their very lives all around him.

That year, when Christmas came, the townspeople followed the shoemaker's custom of lighting a candle in the window. On that Christmas Eve, not a house could be seen without a candle sending rays of good cheer from a window. Then, on Christmas Day, a runner happily announced that the war had suddenly come to an end. The good people of the village fell to their knees and prayed and thanked God and promised Him that they would place candles in their windows every year on the eve of the Christ Child's Birthday.

Christmas cards can tell the tale of the Christmas legends, traditions and customs of many lands and of

many ages. Some of the older cards pictured Santa Claus or Father Christmas in suits of varying colors. On one he might wear a bright blue suit, on another a brown or a green and so on. One card which I had the opportunity to examine some years ago was dated in the 1800's and had Santa wearing a blue suit with a long pointed cap of pale pink. But these Santa pictures of long ago presented the happy gentleman in a sincere, old-fashioned kindliness; today, most cards bearing a likeness of Santa are far too commercial in taste.

An oversized book would be necessary to include all the legends behind our Christmas customs. These entertaining stories are dear to the hearts of both young and old. Christmas just wouldn't be Christmas without them, nor would it be the same without Clement Moore's account of *The Night Before Christmas* or without Charles Dickens' *Christmas Carol*.

YET THERE are those today who would have us disregard all mention of Santa Claus to our children and do away with most of our beloved Christmas customs as well. During recent years in America, there have been reports of certain individuals and groups that are trying to change our old traditions connected with Christmas. But a world without Santa is far from becoming a reality, thanks to the majority of people who appreciate

the old customs for what they represent.

So deeply engraved upon the minds of everyone is the legend of Saint Nicholas that fortunately those who would deprive a little child of his or her dreams of Christmas Eve and Christmas morning are in the minority. The modern world is experiencing many trials and tribulations, but nothing will ever take away the good old-fashioned customs of Christmas. Whoever has experienced the delightful scene of a small child as he or she gazes happily and innocently at the Christmas tree could never bring to an abrupt ending the meaning of Santa Claus and all he stands for.

We have taken many things away from our children in past years. We have taken away their fireworks on the Fourth of July; we have relieved them of their backyard sandlots in many cases; and we have removed many woodland spots in which they could, at one time, enjoy themselves close to nature. In the case of the fireworks, it is a very good investment; in the case of the others, it is a necessity. But to take the customs and the beliefs of Christmas away from them is nothing short of a crime.

Behind our Christmas customs is the story of the first Christmas and of the birth of the Christ Child. And through these customs today, we are given the hope and strength of the Peace on Earth that will surely come.

Do You Know That

305 witnesses refused to answer questions before Congressional Committees during 1953 by hiding behind the Fifth Amendment? — *Congressional Record*, March 31, 1954.

in Saudi Arabia we built the largest air base in the world? That country produces a million barrels of oil per day and adjacent Kuwait produces 300,000 barrels per day. These important countries have just advised the United States that if we don't change our unfair policy in the Middle East, they will nationalize everything — and accept an offer they have from Russia of \$4.00 a barrel for 500,000 barrels of oil a day. In anticipation, they are having 27 of the largest oil tankers in the world built, each of 35,000 tons. Oil is one of the most important items Russia needs for war.

Congress' study in 1950 showed Russia violated 52 treaty obligations in the years between 1945 and 1950?

Teheran, Yalta and Potsdam led to the

enslavement of 618,000,000 people? The recent Geneva fiasco will put additional millions back of the Iron Curtain.

Algeria is six times the size of France? It is very rich in minerals and has been the breadbasket for France. In Morocco we built four great air bases. Our foolish backing of France is making them unusable.

Russia will have graduated 1,200,000 scientists and engineers while the United States will have graduated 900,000 in the decade 1950-1960?

England had a surplus of over £100,000,000 (\$400,000,000) in 1954? In the same year, the United States had a deficit of about \$3,000,000,000.

In the year 1954 we gave the British Commonwealth in net grants \$154,000,000, plus \$192 million of new grants. (This is in addition to their sharing in the \$2,765,000,000 of military grants the United States gave to West Europe.)

America's Contribution to Murder

I AM a refugee from Russia; one of the lucky ones. I am alive, and still free.

Now, at long last, the Soviet government actually can make a boast, and make it truthfully, that the tide of refugees from Russia has begun to reverse. Some of those who have escaped are beginning to seek their way back. Incredible, that anyone should want to return to Russia after tasting the fabled air of freedom? If we walk along the bloody years that are the path out of Russia

Begin with the plight of refugees from Russia immediately after World War II. In escaping from Russia during the war, of course, most had no choice but to seek refuge in lands behind the lines of the German armies. It was on German land, therefore, that many heard with horror of the holding back of American forces to permit the Russians to sweep farther down into Germany than they would have been able to by battle alone.

Many of the refugees, sensing the *rapprochement* between Russia and America sensed also the repetition of a bitter betrayal. First the Germans had lured them to leave Russia. For a while, even, escapees from Russia

were offered the chance of fighting their former Communist slave-masters. Then, in one of Hitler's dervish whirls of policy it was all changed. Anti-Communist Russians were herded into concentration camps. But the fact remained that they had *fled* Russia—and that Russia was the close *friend* of America. Thus, from the day the last shot was fired, the word "repatriation" ran like a chill through the camps of the anti-Communist Russians. They were to hear an even more chilling word later.

First, though, they heard a sugared attempt to delude the watching world. What was going on in Europe was called "liberation." The people who were being liberated were called displaced persons. Of course, many were. But *not* the anti-Communist Russians. Anti-Communist Russians *are not* and *were not* displaced persons. If my people were displaced it is only because they displaced themselves. They were—I could say, *we* were—not displaced from our homes, as a maudlin press kept writing. It was, instead, an escape from tyranny. Quite a difference.

There was no difference to the conquering Allies, however. The only legitimate desire that any "DP" could have, according to the canons of the conquerors, was to return home as quickly as possible.

Anti-Communist Russians explained that such a return meant death for them. The conquerors would not listen. America would not

listen. France would not listen. Great Britain would not listen. Calmly, all the Allies set about putting the machinery of cold, certain murder into action.

THE FIRST step toward this wholesale killing—and killing was just what it was and my people cannot easily forget it—was a secret series of conventions set up between British-American-Soviet conferees in 1945. In the supposedly well-informed reporting of the contents of the Yalta conference, however, this shocking fact has been generally overlooked: It was not the Russians who instigated the return of the anti-Communist refugees. One can imagine that, as political realists, the Russians simply didn't expect any such plum. They had apparently scratched the escapees off. At least, they did not bring up the matter.

Who did?

The person who opened the discussion of the return, of the *murder*, of anti-Communist refugees, was Sir Anthony Eden, then Britain's Foreign Secretary and now Her Majesty's Prime Minister!

Writing to the then U.S. Secretary of State, Stettinius, in a memorandum dated February 5, 1945, Eden stated that

... one of the matters we agreed should be discussed with the Russians during the present conference is the question of concluding reciprocal agreement with them about treatment of Soviet citizens liberated by

the Allied armies in Western and Southern Europe, and British and American nationals liberated by Soviet forces in Eastern Europe. In the present circumstances, where the Soviet forces are overrunning the sites of British and United States prisoners of war camps very fast . . . it is really urgent to reach agreement with the Soviet government. I intend, therefore, to ask M. Molotov for discussions to be opened between experts of the three parties . . .

Winston Churchill, after the Yalta papers were published, commented that "it seems we came out with a fairly good record."

Actually, Eden *was* making some sort of a record. Rarely had anyone had the opportunity to barter so many lives. Here again is Mr. Eden writing a memo, safe from the shrieks from the Soviet torture chambers that he was going to fill: "The only real solution to the problem of the Soviet citizens who are likely to fall into British and American hands, is to repatriate them as soon as possible. For this shipping is required and we have already sent 10,000 back from the United Kingdom and 7,500 from the Mediterranean." It would, he added, "materially help the proposed negotiations if we could inform the Russians of our plan to repatriate their citizens." Like a dealer in stacks of cordwood (rather than corpses), the distinguished Foreign Minister was fairly bursting to let the Soviet know the gift he was handing them: tens of thousands of living bodies to be

broken by the vengeance of the Soviet state police.

There was one other reason that may have been making Eden impatient to start the trading. He may have been unsure of the American attitude toward the deal. As though that were the case, he went right ahead and began his shipments of anti-Communists *before* receiving America's final agreement. Thus it was two days *after* Eden had given the green light to begin shoveling the anti-Communists back into the Soviet furnace, that the American reply to his note did arrive. In the American note there was a suggestion that, before the Russian refugees were handed back, the desires of the refugees be considered.

IT WAS too late, however, and it also, apparently, was too much trouble to argue the point. Just how strong an argument would have come, say, from a State Department in which Alger Hiss was a key figure at the time, is another question. At any rate, the traffic in refugees began.

On February 11, 1945, General John Dean of the United States Army and the Soviet policeman-general, Cryslov, signed a special convention relating to refugees. It was a very simple convention. It stipulated that all the Russians, anti-Communist or not, were to be returned to their "homes." To their graves would be the only truthful wording for the contract.

Recently, in Russian communi-

ties throughout America, the tenth anniversary of those days of horror were commemorated in special church services — in special church services for the dead, for the murdered.

As the ink dried on the Dean-Cryslov convention, the blood of the refugees was beginning to dampen the ground in German camps such as Dachau, Plattling; Austrian camps like Linz and Althofen; French camps like Marseilles and Beauregard; Italian camps like Rimini and Dolmezzo.

A new word had been spread. Many of the Russians being "repatriated" were traitors, it was said. They had betrayed the Soviet. They had sided with the Germans. Show them no consideration beyond what traitors should be shown. That became the new watchword of "repatriation." It was lived up to, bloodily. That was "repatriation."

Unbelievable? The prejudice of one who is himself a refugee? Then read this, an extract from the U.S. Army's own newspaper, *Stars and Stripes*, the issue of January 23, 1946:

DACHAU, JAN. 22 — Russian prisoners afraid to return to the country they betrayed fought like beasts to destroy themselves at the American detention camp here Saturday, witnesses said today.

Ten prisoners, all former conscripts in the German army or voluntary traitors, succeeded in killing themselves during a riot and battle against their American guards. One died in

the hospital later. Twenty more who seriously wounded themselves were reported recovering.

When soldiers broke into the barracks where the Russians were waiting for transportation home, two of the prisoners tried to disembowel themselves with shards of broken glass. Two of them stood together, slashing at each others throats. Another thrust his head through a window and shook it violently until the broken glass slashed his throat.

"It just wasn't human," one guard said. "There were no men in that barracks when we reached it. They were animals. The GI's quickly cut down most of those who had hanged themselves from rafters. Those who were still conscious were screaming in Russian, pointing first at the guns of the guards and then at themselves, begging to be shot.

"Even when we were trying to give them help and send them to the hospital they refused to try to live. One had stabbed himself in the chest and seemed almost out when we put him on a litter and loaded him onto a truck. Every time he moved blood spurted from the wound. The MP's could not subdue him. Two of them broke their billies hitting him on the head."

Although I live in and love this new home of mine, America, the sound of those clubs and of the screams of those whom Americans sent to death, will haunt me forever.

Perhaps they will haunt America as well. They also will haunt the entire Free World and the "cold" war in which it is engaged.

Since those days, while, as I said, the random stories of “newsworthy” refugees from Russia continued to appear, what else has been happening in this picture?

IN Korea, only the action of an old man whose sense of honor is apparently larger even than his nation — Syngman Rhee — only his action saved the lives of thousands of anti-Communist North Koreans who, if left to the other commanders of the UN forces, would have been returned to slavery or death in Red China or North Korea.

How did *that* appear to anti-Communist refugees elsewhere in the world?

In Indo-China, with hardly any notice by the press of the free world, the French agreed to, and did “repatriate” former soldiers of the Vietmin who, in many cases, had surrendered to the French *only in order to escape the Reds*.

How must *that* have appeared to anti-Communist refugees elsewhere?

In discussions of the Austrian peace treaty Western diplomats at first went along with an agreement to “repatriate” all Russian refugees. It was not their efforts, but the efforts of outraged émigré groups, that forced a modification if not an actual prohibition of this “repatriation.”

By now we have traveled the years of the refugees right up to the present. The path has been muddled almost to obliteration by failure of Western diplomacy to work with the

real facts of refugee life. Betrayals, too, have been tragically commonplace.

Refugees, except for the “news-worthy” ones mentioned earlier, still are considered tattered seekers of the Western World’s charity. Actually they are men and women who, in all the dignity of their free souls, have passed through the hell of escape to gain the opportunity, not to languish in charity, but to fight the tyranny they have fled.

That is, perhaps, the major point overlooked in Western treatment of the refugee “problem.” It is not really a problem at all. It is a challenge. The refugees, if they honestly are anti-Communist, want to continue that anti-Communism and not just bask in charity.

Thus, an attitude of material charity is an insult.

Thus, a promise of peaceful co-existence with the tyranny they have fled is a nightmare.

Another grim truth to which Russian refugees eventually awaken is that with the exception of a few publicized cases, intellectual refugees from Russia are unable to find in this country positions in accordance with their backgrounds and abilities. They do, let us hasten to admit, find charity. But these people are potentially shock troops against the Soviet tyranny. They have proved their will to fight by escaping that tyranny. Charity is not enough. They need hope.

Here is a letter that I read re-

cently from a young Russian refugee who could see no hope in the Western World — the world for whose free air he had risked his life. The young man was in an Italian DP camp (again, those hated initials) in Bari. He wrote:

Life in this camp looks like a punishment, like a life in a prison: isolation from the rest of the world, forced idleness, weariness, humiliation of getting a dish of a gratuitous soup while I could make my own living [outside], the disgusting necessity of picking up the butts thrown by guards . . . It is still a big question what kind of a prison is better: that one in the Soviet Union where I was for my anti-Communist convictions or in the West where I am. . . .

The young refugee hanged himself after writing the letter.

He was a soldier lost by suicide in a battle where, he could see, no shots, either literal or figurative, were being fired for the freedom of his people in Russia.

RUSSIA's masters are wise enough to know that this sense of frustration is spreading. They are, of course, wise enough to see the obvious end to the hope of the enslaved that is implicit in talk of eternal "co-existence." To the slave this means, simply, co-existence with his chains. To the Soviet it means new, bright opportunity.

Already Soviet propaganda in Europe is stressing this fact: that the

Red rulers would be happy to welcome home those who have "mistakenly" fled to the West. Tragically for the free world, the propaganda is working. Several prominent anti-Communist exiles, Ukrainians and Georgians among them, have returned. A special committee on "voluntary repatriation" has been set up by the Soviet government.

And now Americans must face one more terribly bitter fact. To some officials of this great nation whose attitudes have been reported to me — the idea of Russian refugees voluntarily returning to the Soviet slave state is considered *a good one*. It will make life simpler. It will cut the cost of "charity" to Russian refugees. "Why," I have heard some say, "that was getting to be quite a problem, all those Russian refugees. We simply didn't know what to do with them!"

Unless the Free World does figure out what to do with them, unless the Free World can stop the growing reversal of the path of escape that now is carrying refugees *back* into the Soviet — unless these things are done Freedom will have suffered a perhaps mortal defeat.

There is this alternative: to so completely accept the idea of co-existence that once again, as we did in 1945-46, we will beat and drag Russian anti-Communists back to the Soviet police.

After all, that would convince the Soviet rulers we are their friends, wouldn't it?

Reflections of a Bank Teller

I'VE SPENT almost 25 years of my life behind bars.

But then — five or six years ago — they remodeled the bank I work for and put in low, modern fixtures, doing away with the old barred tellers' windows and glassed-in cages. Since then I've

greeted my customers with no bars between them and me. I like it better out in the open.

I'm what we call the head teller in charge of all cash at the National Bank of Pittsburg, Kansas.

I've learned a lot about people, working in a teller's window. You just naturally get an insight into a man's character when you handle his money, and that goes whether you're cashing his pay check or whether he's giving you a large or a small amount for deposit. People have definite ideas and not a few idiosyncrasies about anything that has to do with money.

Every customer who comes to your window is different from the one you just waited on. Of course, you get to know your regular customers, but you have others you never saw before. You must size them up in a matter of seconds — what you want in the way of identi-



By L. J. HEDGECOCK

fication, whether the check they are presenting is good. If they tender a \$20 bill for exchange for four five-dollar bills, you must pass immediately on the genuineness of the bill. There is no redress.

Most of your regular patrons are

honest. I believe at least 99 out of every hundred depositors in our bank would give me back any amount I overpaid them. The one who tries to crook you is more than likely a stranger from out of town.

A few customers will shove in a wad of bills and wait for you to count it and say how much is there before they disclose their own figure. Another depositor pulls out a roll of bills and re-counts it piece by piece before he gives it to you, even though he has probably counted it three or four times already, and knows you are going to count it too. He isn't taking any chances.

There's a lot of difference in the way people treat their money. A stylishly and immaculately dressed woman gave me three hundred dollars in currency for deposit the other day. The bills were mixed up, turned upside down and end for end, and not a corner smoothed out.

Not three customers behind her was an old garbage collector. He gave me four five-dollar bills, all of them straight and all turned the same way, faces up. I may be wrong, but I'll bet a dollar he keeps an orderly shack.

Most of the people we wait on are pretty nice. Naturally, the ones we like best are the smiling, cheerful ones, maybe with some bit of news to tell us.

Sometimes people amaze me by telling me their whole family history, when I haven't asked for any of it. Maybe they get started by saying they are afraid some no-account brother-in-law is going to try to forge checks on their account, and then proceed to drag out every skeleton in their family closets.

If I'm cashing a very large check for a person, I usually ask him what denominations he'd like it in. A good many say it doesn't matter, but a surprising number will add something like this: "It won't last long anyway. I'm going through this in a hurry." I guess they want to leave the impression that there's nothing slow or tight about them.

I don't mind the facetious customer who asks if we are giving away any samples today. Or the one who, when you give him some brand new currency, asks if you made it yourself the night before. One thing is as good as another, just so we exchange a few pleasantries as we go

along. Anything but dead silence. The ones who get me are the ones who won't say anything. Thank goodness, there aren't many like that.

FROM MY teller's window I see enough to piece together many a little drama or love story. Two young people come to my window and say they want to open a joint checking account. They sign the signature card and I notice that they don't have the same surname, so I assume they aren't husband and wife. But they tell me they are engaged, and want to save a little money together.

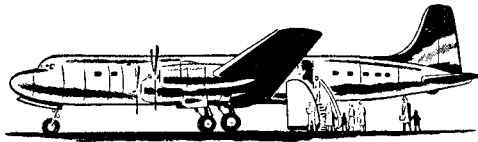
I take a few deposits from them during the next few months. Then, one day they come again to say they are married and want to open a new joint checking account.

But one such case didn't work out so perfectly. In the end, the girl made all the deposits and the boy wrote checks for all of it and frittered it away. He even drew a check on the account to buy her a ring, and the check overdrew the account. She decided he was no good and broke the engagement.

And that's about the way it goes, behind a teller's window in a city of 25,000 people. I know most of the faces in town, but, for the life of me, I can't remember all their names, or the right names for the right persons. But it's an interesting life.



THE FIGHT FOR AIR ROUTES



..... **By George Carroll**

IN THE BATTLE now going on for air routes, Juan Terry Trippe appears to stand alone against the pack, foreign and domestic.

At the same time, he has won the presidency of the International Air Transport Association composed of 74 U.S. and foreign lines.

How does one explain this paradox involving the man who founded Pan American World Airways in 1927 and has run it ever since? The answer can only be that he's as able a diplomat as he is a battler.

He built Pan Am from a 90-mile service connecting Key West and Havana into the world's longest airline and established the first round-the-world route (except for across the U.S. because the company has no operating rights here).

But now, in addition to the nibbling of a host of foreign lines at what the master of Pan Am un-

doubtedly conceives to be his own passenger and cargo trade, his two main U.S. competitors have renewed their efforts to establish, between them, a second American route around the world.

These thorns in the Trippe side are Trans World, owned chiefly by the fabulous and strong-minded millionaire of many times over, Howard Hughes, and Northwest Orient Airlines, run by Donald Nyrop, former chairman of the Civil Aeronautics Board.

At the throttle of TWA, which opposes Pan Am across the Atlantic, is one of the canniest operators in the business, Ralph Damon.

But if the biggest news that could happen on the airline front suddenly appears on Page One, Trippe and Pan American are sitting pretty.

Should the Soviet Union decide to let an American airline fly to Mos-

cow in exchange for Russian rights, Pan American World Airways is in position to do the flying because of her absorption in 1950 of American Overseas Airlines.

AMERICAN OVERSEAS held authority from our government to extend her New York-Scandinavia route to Moscow via Warsaw if this country and the Soviets ever signed a commercial air agreement. Pan American acquired this right when it took over American Overseas and could put it into operation by pushing its present route structure eastward into the Soviet Union from Berlin.

The hope has been privately expressed by both U.S. and other Free World airline operators that one result of the Big Four Geneva Conference might be the unlocking of Russian skies, commercially.

Sabena Belgian World Airlines has been dickering with Moscow to become, if possible, the first Western line granted regular operating rights into the capital of world Communism.

The USSR has held aloof from both ICAO, International Civil Aviation Organization affiliated with United Nations, and IATA, International Air Transport Association.

If she now enters into bilateral air agreements with the United States and other non-Communist nations or joins ICAO and IATA, it will be a development of the greatest importance.

Do not bet too much money that she will, at this time. Russian fear

and suspicion sky-wise is well known. But perhaps the greatest factor arguing against any immediate Soviet air pact with the United States is the fact she doesn't have the four-engined equipment to match the Free World's.

She has nothing to compete, say, with Pan Am's Stratocruisers, the world's only double-decked airliners, on any New York-Moscow flights. And soon Juan Trippe will be flying the Douglas DC-70's, most modern of all international skyliners with a nonstop range of better than 5,000 miles. Would the Russians, with inferior transports, enter competition in the glare of the world spotlight?

Meanwhile, the scramble is on for operating rights on the short North Polar route which Scandinavian Airlines System (SAS) pioneered last year.

By keeping its passenger load down to 32 aboard DC-6B's, SAS has been able to schedule Los Angeles-Copenhagen service 6,000 miles over the "roof of the earth" in about 26 hours.

Their business is reported surprisingly good, indicating that air travelers seem to have no particular fear of polar flying, and both Pan American and Trans World have applied to the Civil Aeronautics Board for permission to add polar routes to their present U.S.-Europe route structures.

In 1946, Congress and the President rejected the so-called "chosen instrument" or single all-American

flagline policy for our commercial air operations abroad. But critics of Trippe and Pan American insist he has never given up trying to seize such a monopoly.

Northwest Orient Airlines raised the monopoly cry most recently in the now celebrated Pacific case where Pan Am sought to oust Northwest from the Seattle-Hawaii run which it pioneered and on which the Trippe line, later, began to fly regularly.

In addition, Pan Am sought operating rights to Tokyo through the Aleutians as well as its present courses through Hawaii and Wake Island, arguing the Aleutians route is nearly 1,200 miles shorter than through mid-Pacific, and Northwest Orient's use of the shorter route was "unfair competition."

Northwest had won its Aleutians rights the hard way, by pioneering during the war as a contract operator for the Air Transport Command.

President Eisenhower gave the Pacific case a melodramatic turn by first cancelling Northwest Orient's operating rights on the Seattle-Hawaii route just as Pan Am desired and then reversing himself.

The story was that White House staffers didn't quite give the President the whole picture before he made his first decision.

The President must approve or reject all CAB decisions on overseas airline routes. In this instance, CAB had never favored kicking Northwest Orient off its own "first come" route to Hawaii.

Other results of the Pacific case, one of the most far reaching passed on by CAB since 1950, were these:

1 — Decision was postponed on Pan Am's plea to get operating rights competing with Northwest Orient through the Aleutians.

2 — United Airlines' route between Los Angeles-San Francisco and Hawaii was made permanent.

3 — TWA lost its battle to extend its route from India to Tokyo where it would join with Northwest Orient to complete, between them, a second U.S. air service going all the way around the globe. (TWA has now reopened its struggle to form a second global line by filing with CAB a request to push its India terminus to Manila in the Philippines and link up there with Northwest Orient.)

4 — Trans-Ocean Air Lines, this country's biggest charter line, was denied permission for scheduled service across the Pacific.

THIS YEAR CAB and Eisenhower certificated a third scheduled U.S. carrier across the Atlantic and our first all-freight line there. Winner of the certificate was Seaboard & Western, an exceedingly well run cargo company started after World War II by the Norden brothers who were pilots in the Air Transport Command.

Both Pan Am and TWA fought the Nordens bitterly, contending they could handle all the freight there was along with their passengers.

But when this country granted New York operating rights to a British freight line, Airwork, Ltd., Washington could hardly keep from heeding the plea of the Nordens who had been striving eight years to get certificated.

In 1952, CAB and President Truman extended until July 4, 1959 the present transatlantic route structures of Pan Am and TWA.

But TWA which, in a general way, serves southern Europe while Pan Am serves the north, lost its plea to have the Trippe line eliminated from Paris and Rome.

IN GERMANY, Pan Am currently operates what amounts to a domestic airline because it serves so many German cities besides Berlin.

That is one reason Pan Am was not among the U.S. lines protesting shrilly over the deal which the revived German airline, Lufthansa, got from Uncle Sam when it began flying into the United States.

Lufthansa was handed a multitude of operating rights from this country into Latin America and elsewhere, leading to Congressional hearings on why we were so generous to a vanquished foe. Ross Rizley, CAB chairman and former Republican Representative from Oklahoma, said the State Department brought pressure to bear.

A State Department witness, in turn, made the startling declaration that it was expected the Germans soon would have the third most

powerful airline in the world and if we wanted operating rights from them we must hand out a few ourselves.

CAB last year gave American temporary authority to fly nonstop between New York and Mexico City, then hastily cancelled the permission when Captain Eddie Rickenbacker, board chairman of Eastern Air Lines, let out a bellow.

Henri Lesieur, hard headed North American manager for Air France, had had operating rights from New York to south of the border all along. When negotiations for a U.S.-Mexican reciprocal air agreement bogged down, he made a deal with the Mexicans, started nonstops and began packing the customers into his Connies.

Some day the Mexicans and ourselves will get together, but it may not be tomorrow. Pan American, American and Eastern all seek the plum of a permanent New York-Mexico City certification for nonstops and any other kind of flight.

Pan Am was the only U.S. carrier flying to Mexico before World War II. American got a temporary permit to go in from Texas in 1942 and in 1946 CAB allowed Eastern to go in from New Orleans, Braniff from Texas and Western Airlines from Los Angeles.

In 1952, President Truman cancelled the concessions to Eastern, Braniff and Western.

Now CAB must decide who will begin taking some of that nonstop

business away from M. Lesieur — C. R. Smith of American, Captain Rickenbacker of Eastern or the ubiquitous Juan Trippe, who never seems to be looking the other way when the picking is good.

He has found the picking extraordinarily good in South America where Pan Am long dominated the airline business between this country and the east coast, to Rio de Janeiro

and Buenos Aires, and where Panagra (owned half-and-half by Pan Am and W. R. Grace & Co.) has shared the west coast of South America business with Braniff.

But in the summer of 1955, Varig, a Brazilian line, began operating into New York, just one more nibble at what used to be exclusively Pan Am's. And that's the way the trend is tending.

Answers for "SHARPEN YOUR TONGUE"

(Questions are on Page 28)

- (1) D — DECORUM. Example: "He found ingenious excuses for disregarding the decorum this most conservative club." The word comes from the Latin *decere* (to befit).
- (2) D — BOWDLERIZE, after Thomas Bowdler who published an expurgated edition of Shakespeare in 1818. Example: "Some English translations of foreign works are bowdlerized for the American market."
- (3) C — PALEOGRAPHY, from the Greek *palaíos* (old) and *graphein* (to write).
- (4) B — PANCRATIUM, from the Greek *pan* (all) and *kratos* (strength).
- (5) C — VITRIOLICS, from vitriol, sulphuric acid, in allusion to its caustic properties. Example: "The recriminatory vitriolics of the candidates grew in violence as the campaign drew to a close."
- (6) C — ALMS from the Latin *eleemosyna*, which is based on the Greek *eleos* (pity). Example: "He tries to ease his conscience by distributing bountiful alms."
- (7) C — PANTAGRUELISM, in allusion to Pantagruel, in Rabelais' classic work, who was noted for his unrestrained humor.
- (8) C — HALCYON, from the Greek *alkyon*, the kingfisher. It was believed that the halcyon calmed the sea in order to nest upon its waters. Example: "The diary had many entries relating to the halcyon days of his youth."
- (9) B — PALINDROME, from the Greek *palin* (again) and *dramein* (to run). Example: "The word *madam* is an example of a palindrome."
- (10) B — ORNITHOLOGY, from the Greek *ornis* (bird) and *logos* (discourse).

Our Well-Traveled DIPLOMATIC COURIERS

BY JAMES H. WINCHESTER

TROUBLE in double doses was waiting for Horton Telford, diplomatic courier for the United States State Department, one morning a few years back. That day he reported to the American Embassy in Berne, Switzerland, to pick up his pouches for what he thought would be a routine trip to Istanbul.

Leaving the Swiss capital, he flew to Rome, arriving there just as Italy

declared war on Greece. Air travel to Athens was automatically shut off. So he went by train to Venice, then to Belgrade, capital of Yugoslavia, and finally to Djevdjelija, on the Yugoslav-Greece frontier. All train travel to Greece had stopped.

Telford hired porters to help him with his five 60-pound pouches, then walked 20 miles over mountains to the Greek town of Quevali. There



Italian planes strafed them, the porters ran away and Telford crawled into a ditch with his diplomatic pouches. Several hours later he caught a train to Athens. En route the train was strafed several times, a hysterical passenger screamed that Telford was a spy and Greek guards arrested him. He talked his way out of that, finally reaching Athens.

Hiring a car, he set out for the Turkish frontier. When the car bogged down in the mud he hired an ox-cart, made it to another railroad station. There he flagged down the Sofia-Istanbul Express and finally reached the Turkish city. His pouches were in far better condition than he was.

NOT ALL TRIPS undertaken by our diplomatic couriers are as rugged as that one. But such devotion to duty is not unusual among the more than 100 traveling men who make up the State Department's Diplomatic Courier Service. The day-by-day history of international affairs seldom mentions these diplomatic letter carriers, yet they are often exposed to genuine danger.

Take what happened to John Powell one morning in April 1948. His plane had just landed in Bogota, Colombia. A full-blown South American revolution was under way.

Ordinarily, couriers are met at the airport by a local Embassy official when they arrive to deliver their dispatches to one of our nearly 300 diplomatic outposts scattered around

the world. The two then exchange credentials. This is mandatory, even though the pair may be blood brothers. The courier, who is more likely to look like a crumpled college senior than the cloak-and-dagger diplomatic courier of film and fiction, hands over his sealed pouch, reboards his plane and heads for his next rendezvous.

This day, though, Powell — who is now a Courier Service supervisor in Panama — was horrified at being greeted by shots as he ducked out of the plane. Not only was there no one from the Embassy on hand to receive his bags, but all local officials had prudently retired for the duration of the uprising. There wasn't a taxi in sight, so Powell's problem was to get his sealed mail to the U.S. Embassy, located several miles away in a downtown office building.

Powell set off on the trip by foot. Unused to the thin air of the high Andes, he was gasping for breath before he'd staggered 100 yards. Snipers, watching him reel through the streets, suddenly opened fire.

In downtown Bogota, street riots were raging everywhere. Near the U.S. Embassy entrance, three of the "Liberales" cornered Powell, who was still grimly hanging on to his diplomatic pouch. The trio attacked him with knives and machetes.

The courageous courier, fighting for his life every inch of the way, battled up the street toward the safety of the U.S. Embassy. He was near exhaustion when he finally

staggered through the doors, blood pouring from half-a-dozen deep stab wounds in his arm and stomach.

"May I have a receipt, sir?" he gasped to the amazed Ambassador, dumping his pouch on the floor. Then he collapsed. Later he was taken to a hospital for medical treatment.

Fortunately, he recovered, but others in this highly dedicated service have not been as lucky. Plane crashes have claimed the lives of four State Department couriers. Scores of others have been injured in accidents, riots and personal attacks.

IT IS NOTHING unusual for couriers to travel 250,000 miles a year by air. Their pay — less than \$100 a week — is low, considering their dangerous, responsible assignment. Yet there is never a lack of candidates. Minimum standards require that all applicants be between 21 and 31, college graduates or the equivalent, in excellent physical condition and veterans with overseas military experience. How long they want to stay on the job depends on how long they can take the continual traveling. Some drop out after a year or so. The average length of service for a courier, though, is three years. After that they usually leave the Foreign Service altogether or transfer to some other branch.

Comparatively speaking, the State Department's Diplomatic Courier Service is fairly young. Up until just before World War I the delivery of

our secret mail was a haphazard operation, at best. American ship captains, diplomats themselves and sometimes American businessmen traveling abroad were handed sealed mail and asked to deliver it to the U.S. Foreign Service representative at their port of arrival. The persons who carried such mail were called "Bearers of Dispatches." They received no pay.

However, after the First World War began in Europe, our Embassies abroad began hiring men to carry the mail exclusively for them. London was first. Our Paris Embassy, as well as others throughout the world, soon followed suit. However, the service — as such — was still unorganized. It wasn't until December 2, 1918, that the U.S. Diplomatic Courier Service, as an organized branch of the State Department, was set up. The service had its ups and downs throughout the '20's until finally, in June 1933, largely because of financial considerations, it was abolished completely. Two years later, with the backing of President Roosevelt, it was re-established and has grown to its present size since then.

The years of World War II, which saw the Service triple its size and budget almost overnight, were also years of high adventure for many of the young couriers.

There was Courier Henry Coleman who was aboard the *SS Western Prince* when it was torpedoed and sunk. He not only saved his mail but took charge of a lifeboat for several

days. He finally reached his destination in London. Then he asked for — and received — permission to leave on another trip the next day.

And then there was veteran Al Frazier who was escaping from Yugoslavia just before the United States entered the war. The Germans boarded the train and ordered Frazier to hand over his pouches. The courier calmly told the Germans that the pouches contained dynamite which would be touched off if they left his possession. He was allowed to pass on.

TODAY, couriers for this Service, which is now headed by the veteran Bernard J. Humes, make regular trips to Russia and the Iron Curtain countries, just as Red couriers travel to Washington. The well-traveled couriers, though, take their excursions to Moscow in stride.

The toughest route in the world, in their book, is the run from Paris to Kabul, capital of remote and isolated Afghanistan. They travel by commercial plane to Karachi, Pakistan. From Karachi they take a spine-breaking, three-day train trip to Lahore on India's northern frontier. Then the tough part starts. From Lahore to Kabul they go by truck. It takes more than a week. It's always sweltering in the summer, freezing in the winter.

"Traveling to Kabul in below-zero

weather," says one courier, "you have plenty of time to wonder what ever made you think this was a glamorous job."

Being a courier is certainly more tiring than glamorous. Since the Service was started — and thrill-story writers will be sad to note this — no incidents have been recorded of anyone, anywhere, trying to waylay a courier to steal his pouch. Every country knows that if another country's couriers are held up, the same thing is likely to happen to its own diplomatic messengers. Neither do United States diplomatic couriers carry guns nor do they chain their pouches to their wrists.

So far, there have been no reports either of any slinky and glamorous Mata Haris tossing their curves and charms at one of our diplomatic messenger boys in an effort to obtain important State secrets. Sometimes, when their life seems tiresome, the travel weary couriers wish there were.

However, they can always revive their spirits by looking at the official emblem of office that each courier proudly wears pinned somewhere to his clothing. It is a golden eagle in flight. On the reverse side of this emblem, inscribed in Greek, is the Courier Service's motto, part of Herodotus' description of the Persian messengers of old. The translation is:

"None is swifter than these."



This Is What They Said

I'm not concerned whether God is on our side or not, but I am concerned whether we are on God's side.

— ABRAHAM LINCOLN



The United Nations is a sure road to the greatest war in History.

— CLARENCE MANION



The enemy, of my enemy, is my friend.

— ARAB PROVERB



The *Mayflower* landed in Plymouth in 1620 and the Mayflower Pact acknowledged God — but more than God — Christ as Master.

— REVEREND BILLY GRAHAM



As a people devoted to liberty, we can scarcely do less than to express our sense of shock and outrage over the reports from behind the Iron Curtain. As a people devoted to God, we cannot fail to assert our deep sympathy with those whom the Soviet atheists are persecuting because they are Catholics, Protestants, Jews or Moslems.

— SENATOR LYNDON JOHNSON (Texas)

Congressional Record, Feb. 27, 1953



In the last 3,000 years we have only had 277 years of Peace. — CLEMENT ATTLEE

If our representatives only made mistakes, they would sometime make one in our favor.

— Former Secretary of the Navy,
JAMES FORRESTAL



This evil force [Communist-bred atheism] caused many Christian nations abroad to fall, and their own cherished freedoms to languish in the shackles of complete suppression. AS IT HAPPENED THERE, IT CAN HAPPEN HERE.

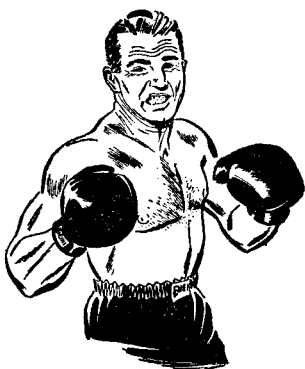
— GENERAL DOUGLAS MACARTHUR



The fact is that if the Russians gain control of Arabian oil or if it becomes necessary, because of a threat of Russian control of Arabian oil, to take the necessary precautionary steps to see to it that Russia is not able to use that oil, and if Europe then becomes dependent upon American oil, it will be a matter of only a few short weeks before every private automobile on the streets of America will be standing dead still, for want of gasoline. That will be true unless we wish to take the position that we would keep private automobiles in America operating and let the manufacturing plants of Europe close.

— SENATOR WAYNE MORSE

Congressional Record, Feb. 27, 1953



Can Doctors Stop the **SLAUGHTER** *in the Ring?*

By JOSEPH D. WASSERSUG, M.D.

PROVIDENCE, May 3 — Jose Contreras, 28-year-old Taunton boxer who suffered a skull fracture in a bout last night, was still unconscious today in Rhode Island Hospital where his condition is considered critical.

Physicians resorted to an emergency operation to save his life, but he failed to regain consciousness hours after the surgery. The operation was performed on his brain.

— Boston *Globe*

MEDICAL MEN, as a group, are not yet resolved that professional boxing is a sordid and criminal business which should be outlawed. However the tragic prevalence of news items, such as the above, has inclined more and more doctors toward this opinion. Physicians and boxing commissions alike are becoming convinced that additional precautions are necessary to safeguard the life and health of those engaged in the sport.

In New York, the State Boxing Commission, pointing the way in this direction, made arrangements

for Dr. Harry A. Kaplan to act as a ringside observer. He noted the types and styles of fighters, the relationship between physical fitness and performance in the ring, and the effect of blows on the head and brain damage.

Immediately after a contest the physician made further observations in the defeated contestant's dressing room, especially regarding alertness, memory, speech, reaction of the eyes, and the ability of the contestant to walk or stagger. To bolster ringside impressions, slow motion pictures were made for analysis at a later date.

Across the Atlantic, the London Amateur Boxing Association has made noteworthy progress. There, in order to make the sport as safe as possible, most boxing clubs have a physician of their own. And each boy, on joining the club, is given a thorough medical examination.

If he passes this physical, he is given a card which he must produce

at each contest before he can compete. On this card are recorded any injuries the contestant has received, and the periods from which he has been debarred from boxing because of any injury or illness that may have interfered with his physical health. As a further safeguard, clubs sponsoring a tournament must supply an approved first-aid kit, and a medical officer must be present at each contest.

To keep bouts as safe as possible, contestants are matched in accordance to age as well as weight. Referees have the power to stop a bout if a boy has a bad cut, if he is obviously outclassed, or if he appears dazed on rising. Well-padded eight-ounce gloves are used and the laces and eyelets are covered to prevent lacerations.

YET even under these ideal conditions, boxing is far from being the safest sport. There have been six deaths among British amateurs in the last seven years.

Less serious injuries are far more frequent. The most common injury, of course, is a bloody nose, with cuts about the face following as a close second. Cauliflower ears, once the trademark of the sport, have become less frequent since doctors learned they could be prevented by sticking a needle into the swollen ear and emptying it of the hemorrhage around the cartilage. If the bones of the hand are fractured, the fingers should be immediately splinted.

The more serious injuries usually result from blows to the head which may even cause death. Mild head blows, however, may also have serious consequences.

Perhaps the most intensive study made along these lines is that recently completed by Dr. Harry A. Kaplan and Dr. Jefferson Browder of Brooklyn, New York, whose investigations dealt with 1,043 subjects, including all divisions and types of professional fighters. In each case, brain wave studies were made.

On the basis of these exhaustive tests, Doctors Kaplan and Browder confirm some things that boxing fans have long recognized. For the most part, fighters may be divided into two types, slugger and boxer.

A slugger is a rugged, heavily muscled, person with swaggering gait, but lacking the shiftiness and change of pace of the boxer. He depends primarily on offensive tactics, charging in head first and trying to wear his opponent down by sheer brute strength. His punches are poorly timed as compared to those of the boxer. The boxer, on the other hand, is usually a lean, agile person who depends equally on defensive and offensive tactics. He does not pack the wallop of the slugger, but his blows are thrown quickly and accurately, singly or in combination.

Another finding confirmed by the Brooklyn physicians is that performance in the ring closely parallels the physical fitness and experience of

a fighter. If a boy is physically fit but lacks experience in pacing himself, he will tire easily. If he is experienced but not physically fit, he will tire equally fast. When fatigue sets in, the fighter drops his guard and is unable to react quickly in defense. Although a referee may declare a technical knockout to prevent unnecessary injury when fatigue becomes excessive, the third man is usually reluctant to use his authority in this respect.

According to Doctors Kaplan and Browder, the effectiveness of a blow is in direct proportion to the speed with which the fist travels and the manner in which it is delivered. A widely thrown, wide-arc swing is not nearly as telling as a straight punch from the shoulder or a short-arc thrust from the shoulder.

Short, fast, hard jabs to the chin or the side of the head seem to be most telling and produce most knockouts.

When both fighters are sluggers, they may exchange a continuous barrage of blows to the head, none of which is sufficiently effective to produce a knockout — *but which are nonetheless very severe*. And even when a knockout does not occur, repeated head blows can cause permanent damage to the nervous system.

When death results from a knockout, it is usually due to hemorrhage either within or near the brain.

Most fighters regain consciousness before the count but, even then, a man may be "out on his feet."

DR. MILTON F. BROUGHAM, noted Boston neurosurgeon, recently remarked that although the brain is protected by a bony skull, it still can be badly shaken by repeated heavy blows. When injured in this fashion, the brain actually swells and there may be an increase in its volume up to 50 percent. Since the brain is the center for other vital functions — such as breathing, blood pressure and heart action — brain damage has repercussions all over the body.

The force of a blow is not the only factor in head injuries. A blow struck at the *right* temple may knock the brain against the inside of the *left* temple and cause greater damage on the left than on the right because of acceleration and

deceleration. Also, the force of a boxer's head hitting the canvas as he goes down may be more damaging than the haymaker to the jaw.

According to Dr. Brougham, approximately 85 to 90 percent of brain injuries cannot be helped by operations since they involve delicate structures within the brain itself. Injuries such as concussions, bruises and tears of brain tissue are not operable.



Immediate observation after an injury is most important since the condition may change for the worse with frightening speed and finality. When a large blood vessel to the brain has been torn by a blow, an operation can help by removing blood clots and preventing additional bleeding.

Some experts believe that boxers who are knocked out more readily than others have thinner skull bones. They note that in two of six fatal cases the skull bone was exceptionally thin. Skull x-ray, however, does not provide the entire answer and should not be the sole method of determining who can or who cannot box.

A brain wave test (EEG) is a prerequisite for obtaining a boxing license according to rules recently adopted by the New York State Boxing Commission. This serves primarily to detect grossly irregular or changing brain wave patterns in professional fighters. But seldom is a fighter barred from boxing solely on the basis of a disorganized EEG.

The New York State Boxing Commission has been a leader in many worth-while reforms. An increase in the size of gloves may help cut the impact of a blow. Increased resilience of the mat will reduce chances of damage to the skull and brain in a knockdown. The mandatory eight-count and the refusal to license boxers with continuing poor records also contribute toward making boxing safer.

The referee, however, should be trained to note weakness or early disability on the part of a fighter. It should be mandatory that he stop a bout when a boy has lost his coordination, or finds it hard to rise after being floored. A trained physician should be at the ringside to advise the referee as well as to treat injured fighters.

THE ringside observations of Dr. Charles Harris of Elkins Park, Pennsylvania, are most significant. Dr. Harris has repeatedly observed that fighters who are not knocked out are those whose necks are very strong. Their well-developed neck muscles act to splint the head which is almost immovable on the shoulders. Dr. Harris believes that careful examination of moving pictures of fatal bouts will show that blows were struck which made the head move suddenly in a wide arc.

According to Dr. Harris, a fighter is most in danger after he has been stunned but not knocked down. In this state the boy cannot splint his head or position it against heavy blows to the chin. The head, when hit, will bounce like a rubber ball. It is, therefore, this stunned fighter who is in the most danger of being killed.

"Surely the most important factor in preventing ring deaths," says Dr. Harris, "is immediate action by the referee or the ring physician at this time." Perhaps death in the ring will never be entirely preventable. But it may become a rarity.



+ Our Bible +

By the Reverend

BILLY GRAHAM

THE UNITED STATES has a constitutional government. Nearly 150 years ago a number of men, after long argument and debate, drew up the Constitution and submitted it to the 13 Federated States for ratification. The presupposition of these framers of the Constitution was that law was absolute.

Men everywhere in the United States were to be free, for they were to know what the law required and what the law could not do. They were to know their rights, their privileges and their limitations. No judge was to be unfair, for he was forced by law to judge on the case as law required.

Men found that if they knew the law and kept it, they would be truly free. A man knew where he stood, for constitutional law made it so. Under this type of government our country has grown and prospered and stands in the enviable position of a leader of freedom and peace under law.

Such law provides the premise that a man is innocent until he is proven guilty. In other countries where law is not absolute, not held

as the guide for legal behavior, a man may be considered guilty until he proves his innocence. In this same foreign country a man who is guilty may be allowed his freedom simply because he has influence. I think it obvious that the traditional American Constitutional law is superior to all other laws.

So the Bible is the constitution of Christianity. Just as the Constitution is not of any private interpretation, neither is the Bible of any private interpretation. Just as the Constitution includes all who live under its stated domain, without exception, so the Bible includes all who live under its stated domain, without exception. As the Constitution is absolute, so the Bible is absolute. As the Constitution is the highest law of man, so the Bible is the highest law of God. God's laws for the spiritual world are found in the Bible.

Whatever else there may be that tells us of God, it is more clearly told us in the Bible. Nature does tell us in her laws of God, but the message is not too clear and tells us nothing of the love and grace of

God. Conscience does tell us in our inmost being of God, but the message is fragmentary. The only place we can find a clear, unmistakable message is the Word of God which we call the Bible.

If the Bible is not true, then America has no true root. True Christianity finds all of its doctrines in the Bible, true Christianity does not deny any part of the Bible, true Christianity does not add anything to the Bible.

For many centuries the Bible has been the most available book on earth. It has no hidden purpose. It has to be ready for challenge. Man can hardly plead ignorance to the claims of the world's best-seller. The Bible has a great tradition and a magnificent heritage. It took 1,600 years to complete its writing. There are 66 books written by over 30 authors acting as secretaries for God. In 1,600 years the authors wrote the same message, and so clearly that the 66 books are actually one Book.

The message in every book is straightforward. No author changed his writing to put his friends in a better light. The sins of small and great are frankly admitted, the weaknesses of human nature are admitted, and life is presented as actually found.

THE MOST modern book in the world is the Bible. It has been the anvil upon which the critics have worn out their hammers. The critics claim the Bible is full of forgery,

fiction and unfulfilled prophecy. But it is gratifying to know that the findings of archaeology have tended to corroborate rather than to deny Biblical data. From the standpoint of scholarship alone the Bible believer stands today in a far more secure position than he did 50 years ago.

Our faith, which is not dependent upon human knowledge and scientific advance, has nevertheless presented a magnificent case at the "Bar of Knowledge."

The Bible, the greatest document of the human race, remains a bulwark to national, personal and spiritual freedom.

In the oft-quoted statement made by William Lyon Phelps, called the most beloved professor in America, we get something of the importance of the Bible. Thus the late president of Yale said:

"I thoroughly believe in a university education for both men and women, but I believe a knowledge of the Bible without a college course is more valuable than a college course without the Bible."

Has less knowledge of the Bible been accompanied by a breakdown in our moral fiber you ask. It certainly has! Will a return to the study of the Bible improve and raise the moral level of our people? It certainly will! This has been proved time after time in history.

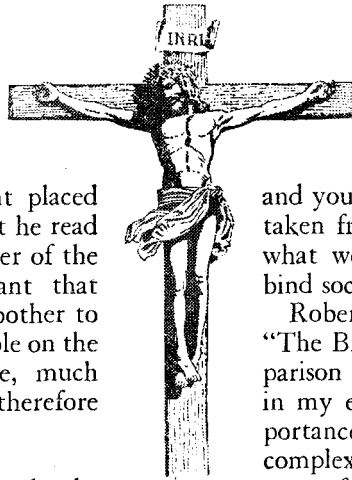
The fact that Bibles are dust collectors is no longer a joke, even though we often hear stories about

it. A little girl told her minister that she finally had learned everything that was in the Bible. She told the minister, "Sister's boy friend's picture is in it, and Ma's receipt for vanishing cream, and a lock of my hair cut off when I was a baby, and the ticket for Pa's watch is in it."

How many times we have heard someone say: "Why, the Bible contradicts itself."

Very few of these persons have used the family Bible for more than a storage place for pressed flowers.

The first requirement placed upon the critic is that he read carefully every chapter of the Bible. It is significant that Bible critics seldom bother to read literature available on the defense of the Bible, much less the Bible itself. I therefore criticize the critics.



THE BIBLE will always be the center of controversy. For many centuries there have been purges and bonfires. There are Bibles in existence today that were baked into loaves of bread to keep them from the hands of God-hating leaders. There are Bibles in scores of languages; and organizations are working around the clock to provide Bible portions to remote tribes so that they, too, may have the enlightenment which comes from God's Word.

William McKinley, the twenty-fourth President of the United States, said: "The more profoundly we study this Book and the more closely we observe its Divine precepts, the better citizens we will become and the higher will be our destiny of the nations."

Benjamin Harrison, who succeeded McKinley as President, said:

"It is out of the Word of God that a system has come to make life sweet. If you blot out of your statute books, your Constitution

and your family life all that is taken from the Sacred Book, what would there be left to bind society together?"

Robert E. Lee once said: "The Bible is a book in comparison with which all others in my eyes are of minor importance, and which in all my complexities and distresses has never failed to give me light

and strength."

And so we could go on quoting man after man in our nation's history — men like Washington, Webster and Lincoln who have urged their people to heed the message of the Bible.

The main message of the Bible, ladies and gentlemen, is Jesus Christ. The Bible is primarily concerned with the story of the redemption of God as it is in Jesus Christ. If you read the Scriptures and miss the

story of salvation, you have missed its message and meaning.

In Genesis Jesus is the Seed of the Woman. In Exodus He is the Pass-over Lamb. In Leviticus He is the Atoning Sacrifice. In Numbers He is the Smitten Rock. In Deuteronomy He is the Prophet. In Joshua He is the Captain of the Lord's hosts. In Judges He is the Deliverer. In Ruth He is the Heavenly Kinsman. In the six books of Kings, He is the Promised King. In Nehemiah He is the Restorer. In Esther He is the Advocate. In Job He is my Redeemer. In Psalms He is my All in All. In Proverbs He is my Pattern. In Ecclesiastes He is my Goal. In the Song of Solomon He is my Satisfier. In the Prophets He is the Coming Prince of Peace.

In the Gospels He is Christ coming to seek and to save. In Acts He is Christ risen. In the Epistles He is Christ at the Father's right hand. In the Revelation He is Christ returning and reigning. The message

of Jesus Christ, our Savior, is the story of the Bible — it is the story of salvation; it is the story of the Gospel; it is the story of life, eternity and Heaven.

THE WHOLE WORLD ought to know the story of the Bible. But if this Gospel is hid today from an American listening to my voice, it is hidden because you have never opened your Bible; or opening your Bible, you have questioned and criticized rather than sought the truth.

Peter, the Apostle, summed it up when he wrote: "The longsuffering of our Lord is salvation; even as our beloved brother Paul also according to the wisdom given unto him has written unto you; As also in all his epistles speaking in them of these things; in which are some things hard to be understood, which they that are unlearned and unstable wrest, as they do also the other Scriptures, unto their own destruction."



» When they [the wise men] had heard the king, they departed; and, lo, the star, which they saw in the east, went before them, till it came and stood over where the young child was.

When they saw the star, they rejoiced with exceeding great joy.

And when they were come into the house, they saw the young child with Mary his mother, and fell down, and worshipped him: and when they had opened their treasures, they presented unto him gifts; gold, and frankincense, and myrrh.

— MATT. 2: 9-11

Tearful Movies—

TURKISH DELIGHT

By Eugene W. Castle

THE Turkish soldiers who fought with the United Nations forces in Korea were widely acclaimed as being among the world's fiercest and bravest fighting men. American veterans of the Korean war who saw the Turks in action were lavish in their praise of the grim and fearless soldiers from the land of mosques and minarets. One American veteran of the Korean battlefields who first fought the North Koreans and later the Red Chinese hordes said:

"I will never forget those brave Turks. For nearly two years I fought near them and, during several hot skirmishes, almost beside them. The Turks would rather fight than eat. No matter how rough and tough the going the Turk soldiers never griped. I've seen them actually *cry* when, utterly exhausted after fighting round the clock for days, they were ordered by their officers to leave the fighting zone for rest.

"Yes, sir," said the Yankee GI, "imagine soldiers *crying* because they were ordered to quit and take it easy — that's the Turkish fighting man — no wonder the Red soldiers don't want to fight them. The Reds know, from past experience, that

the 'crying Turks' never quit until they win."

This reporter journeyed all the way to Istanbul to learn that brave Turks who cried on the battlefields of Korea also cry at their native movies! It is a fact that a Turkish movie maker must produce a steady stream of "tear-jerkers" or he soon goes out of the flicker-film business. So says Nuri Beler ve Ortagi, a prolific writer for the Turkish films.

According to Mr. Ortagi: "The well paid and somewhat pampered Hollywood scenario writers would make short shrift and take quick leave of Turkey. They would soon return to their native land because both the pay and conditions for Turkish movie writing are the worst in the entire world; simply terrible."

And Nuri Beler ve Ortagi, a ro-tund happy individual in his early fifties, should know. This Turkish screen writer who started with the establishment of film producing in Turkey twenty years ago, averages four movie production scripts annually. For each of these he is paid about \$1,000 per *accepted* scenario. But, Mr. Ortagi insists upon making it crystal clear that "accepted" has

a big catch to it and "depends upon impossible conditions imposed by all film producers in Istanbul."

To score a smash hit and delight Turkish movie fans the feature films produced and exhibited in that country must be powerful melodramas — and the more powerful the better!

A Turkish movie becomes a "turkey" to the Turks unless it portrays the brave, beautiful — and shapely — heroine struggling madly throughout the last reel, only to die a tragic and horrible death in the final and extra-long fadeout!

Unless a Turkish-made melodrama is action-packed with violent, breath-taking — and tear-jerking — situations that unreel themselves with the rapidity of a supersonic jet, the producer wishes he had never seen the scenario or made the film.

However, if the film as it unwinds makes the entire audience cry openly, then, its producer is hailed throughout Turkey as both a hero and a genius! It is only natural, therefore, that all Turkish movie producers should aspire to become the nation's leading tear-jerkers.

To attain this ambition, says scenario writer Ortagi: "They make their scenario writers cry because every producer insists that all screen plays must first be read by either their wife or girl friend. If this reading does not produce tears, or, better yet, a hearty cry, the scenario is rejected. The script writer has labored

for nothing and it becomes his turn to cry!

"But," says Mr. Ortagi, "if the script writer is so fortunate as to be able to provide the magic formula for a Turkish movie success, then everyone is happy and — cries joyfully!"

First to cry is the producer's wife or girl friend. Then tears of joy are shed by both the contented producer and his happy scenario writer. Finally, a great, nation-wide cry comes from the moviegoers throughout Turkey. "It is," happily asserts Mr. Ortagi, "all round and unrestrained joyfulness expressed in wet eyes, tear-dripped cheeks and very moist handkerchiefs as all Turkey enjoys having a good cry with its movies."

FEATURE FILM making in Turkey began in 1935. Today, about thirty producers account for the country's output of approximately one hundred feature length films annually. This is about one fifth of the number produced each year in Hollywood, California. But, here the comparison ends, and for reasons that will be quickly explained.

Our Hollywood film luminaries would, no doubt, "cry" in amazement if they could observe how the Turks are forced to count their pennies and stretch their money to make it possible for their moviegoers to see the finished products of the Istanbul studios. Throughout production, the principal business of

the Turkish film maker is to give every item of cost a double check and a double squeeze.

There is good reason why the movie producer in Turkey must be awfully careful. An ordinary, American-produced program type feature film can earn a satisfactory profit for its producer after having cost from \$500,000 to \$750,000 to make. But, in Turkey, if a producer spends more than \$15,000 per production he endangers both his profit and his economic life.

Turkey boasts of only one exception to the \$15,000 limit. He is an affluent film maker named Hurrem Erman, who is regarded in Istanbul as a combination Darryl Zanuck and Cecil B. De Mille. Erman makes three pictures a year and spends \$50,000 per production. In Hollywood, De Mille produces a picture about every two years — his latest, now nearing completion, will cost more than \$7,000,000 or about the total cost of the Turkish film output since the inception of the industry there.

THE ECONOMIES effected in Turkish film making would seem strange indeed to the Hollywood producers. For example, as a measure of strict economy, all sound trucks and recording is dispensed with for dialogue or talking sequences, both in studio and on outdoor locations. Instead, the dialogue sequences are filmed silent and only after the final editing of the picture

are the voices dubbed into the film at the studio projection room.

Another money-saving procedure, rigidly observed by all Istanbul studios, is the practice of "splitting" the theater size (35 MM) film for sound recording purposes. By running the recording film twice — first forward and then backwards, the thrifty Turkish film makers provide themselves with two feet of sound track for every foot of film used!

And, most important of all, a Turkish movie director or cameraman who cannot successfully film a scene in two, or at the very most, three camera takes is considered much too expensive to warrant steady employment — or any employment at all.

In addition to their own feature film production, Turkish film studios (of which there are ten in Istanbul) engage in a profitable re-recording business of foreign dialogue films. When Marilyn Monroe and Clark Gable speak in Turkey they talk to the Turks in Turkish!

Presently, the three most popular female stars being featured in Turkish films are Cahide Sunkun, Nevin Aypar and Lale Oraloglu. Each of these film stars appears in five feature films annually. Their chief attributes and screen appeal are: Good figures, ability to display their limbs attractively and to die a lingering but heroic death in the final scene. The Turks must have tears to fully enjoy their movies.



≡ Six-year-old Harry was asked what he was going to give his little brother for Christmas. "I dunno," said Harry; "I gave him the measles last year."

≡ "Doctor," said the patient, "if there's anything wrong with me, don't frighten me half to death by giving it a long scientific name. Just tell me in plain English what it is."

"Well," the doctor replied hesitantly, "to be perfectly frank, you are just plain lazy."

"Thank you, Doctor. And now, will you give me the scientific name for that condition so that I can tell the folks at home?" — *Oral Hygiene*

≡ A man may fall several times but he isn't a failure until he starts saying somebody pushed him.

— *Farmer's Advocate*, CANADA

≡ It took place in the office of a large city wholesale book distributor. "Here are those books on 'Bringing Up Baby,'" enthused the sales manager. "Now, all you salesmen, I want you to go out and create a demand for them."

≡ Even Christmas can bring its tragedies. A little boy in Galashiels, Scotland, came home from school and said mournfully to his mother, "The Nativity play is off. Six angels are down with the mumps!"

— *Sunday Post*, GLASGOW, SCOTLAND

≡ It was Christmas Eve as Pat passed his favorite tavern on the way home. He was determined not to go in, remembering the promise he'd made to his wife to stay sober over the holiday. As he approached the tavern he became somewhat shaky, but plucking up his courage, he walked on by. Then, after going about fifty yards, he turned, saying to himself: "Well done, Pat me boy. Come on back and I'll treat ye."

— *The Deedee*, HOUSATONIC PUBLIC SERVICE COMPANY

≡ A government economic analyst is a man with a Phi Beta Kappa key, but no watch to hold it down on his vest.

— REP. CHARLES VURSELL (R-Ill)

≡ Women shoppers at Christmas time: Buying Tigers.



≡ Some people who say “Our Father” on Sunday go around the rest of the week acting like orphans.

— REV. MARVIN B. KOBER, *Christian Advocate*

≡ Six-year-old Johnny had been begging for a bicycle for many months and his parents finally agreed. But as his birthday was just two weeks after Christmas he was asked whether he would prefer to have it as a Christmas or a birthday gift. Apparently he had already given the matter careful consideration because when the problem came up, he explained: “If you give it to me for my birthday you’ll have to buy it, but if I get it for Christmas I can ask Santa Claus for it and we’ll get it for nothing!”

≡ The nation’s department stores can’t determine how much profit they made on Christmas business until all the returns are in.

— WILLIAMSPORT *Grit*

≡ Christmas: The day you give the kids something for father to play with.

— ED GARDNER

≡ There are two classes of people working for the Government — civil servants who get such things as sick leaves, vacations, holidays, and pensions — and taxpayers, who don’t.

— P-K *Sideliner*

≡ He was trying to find a Christmas present for his nephew and was examining a toy that the assistant in the shop had handed him. “Isn’t this rather complicated for a small child?” he asked doubtfully.

The shop assistant replied: “It’s an educational toy, sir, designed to adjust a child to live in the world today. Any way he puts it together it is wrong.”

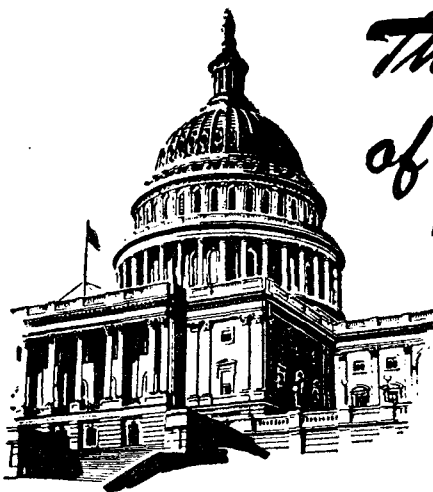
— *Tatler*, LONDON

≡ If it weren’t for the installment plan, an awful lot of animals would be going around wearing their own fur this Christmas. — GARRY MOORE

≡ Said the mother: “Now Johnny, you mustn’t be selfish. You must let your brother have the new sled half the time.”

Replied Johnny: “But, I do. I have it coming down and he has it going up.”

— OTTAWA *Journal*



The Shame of Our Senate

By RICHARD LLOYD JONES

clamor for peace? Russia's good intent for the cause of peace could have been more eloquently defined by an emphatic performance than by her smiling acquiescence to noble utterances.

Was England impatient for this meeting? Was France? Or did we conceive the idea? Was it perchance made by those who live among us and cunningly guide us to betray our heritage? Divert us? Content us?

Both our major political parties, the Republican and Democratic alike, have by platform and public announcements urged every American to believe in and support the principles and performances that made America mighty. Yet, while both our parties have professed these strong devotions, there has grown, through the last twenty years, a subtle political power which has cunningly and effectively repudiated our America. And neither the Republican nor the Democratic party has grappled with these insidious forces. Both have persecuted patriots who reveal the cowardly and insidious Kremlin forces that operate within our country.

Out of Geneva the question now

AS THE Geneva conference recedes into the perspective of historic archives, and after all the acclaim for the nobilities of humanitarian eloquence, the serious thinkers of the world are beginning to ask: After all, what was accomplished at Geneva?

A notably fine speech proclaiming international brotherhood and the cause of universal peace was delivered by our President at Geneva. But why go there to enunciate these nobilities? His speech would have been applauded as lustily had it been delivered in our own national capital.

Who designed the dramatics at Geneva? Did Russia want to find herself photographically reported as participating in this international

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comes at long last: Is there a sincerity, an integrity and resolute determination that will enter our political life to resist the infamy that has been proclaimed as part of our culture?

Speaking on the floor of the United States Senate the other day, Senator William E. Jenner of Indiana revealed this unseen political party that we have allowed to capture the operations of both our political parties. It has captured much of the teaching forces in the country. By these operations our major political influence has been the unseen party that has found shelter in both our Democratic and Republican organizations.

BEFORE our President went to Geneva, loyal, alerted and alarmed American teachers in our schools and colleges were beginning to come out from hiding. They are now beginning to be unafraid to admit their devotion to our Constitutional Republic. We now seem to be on our way back to America. And our President's statement at Geneva gave impetus and encouragement to those who have been intimidated. The recent fashion of revealing intellectual superiority by scoffing at our Constitutional Republic is passing.

In recent years there has been no exalted Democratic party, nor a lofty-minded Republican party. In the absence of a true *American* party we have witnessed a propaganda enterprise that has glorified much

that emanates from the Communist foundation. It has definitely been a *Soviet Union First* movement.

This, Senator Jenner told his fellow Senators, constitutes the dual government which we have allowed to grow. We have fed it. We have clothed it. We have given it ships, guns and ammunition. We have been a colossal fool. Now what did we gain at Geneva? This is what the thinking Americans want to know.

Senator Jenner told the terrific truth when he told his colleagues, "If we will organize political action to support the pro-Americans in our government and in public life, the world conflict will soon be over. We can win the true peace for all the world if we will gird ourselves to defeat the enemy within."

That simple but true statement of fact indicts the integrity and intelligence of every Senator who has attempted to destroy Senator McCarthy for no cause except that he was alarmed and warned his country against this unregistered third party.

This insidious influence has operated in our television. Successful commercial enterprises have sponsored the broadcasting of cunning narrators who have belittled the defenders of our Constitutional Republic.

This silent Kremlin-directed party has crept into the voices of many of our radio commentators. In some unaccountable way it has captured too many of our columnists who are sustained by American newspapers.

Editors should be more American and know better, but a shocking lot of them don't. It has captured the gullible editors of pretentious periodicals. It has brain-washed the minds of many of our judges in state and Federal courts. But with all the confused past it now again is becoming fashionable to be an *American*.

The public is again beginning to look with contempt upon the gentlemen who, presiding in our courts, block the indictments for offenses against the common cause.

Just because a fellow, by political manipulations, has succeeded in acquiring the position of magistrate and can clothe himself in judicial robes is no indication that he has the brains to comprehend the mighty forces of justice.

GENEVA brought to our attention the power group in our government that cannot be stopped by state papers. It called to our attention the treason and treachery that cannot be detected by judges who, with all their legal learning, are not competent to defend the rights and privileges of a free people.

Geneva has made a lot of our college presidents and teachers look like the brain-washed inconsequentialists they have been.

Better than anything that was said at Geneva, Senator Jenner pointed the pathway to our national security in his recent Senate speech. "The public policy of the United States," said the Indiana statesman,

"which has in almost all instances denounced conquest and supported the independent, peaceful nations, has faded away. The secret policy of the faction so friendly to the Soviet Union has in almost every instance been triumphant. Our public policy of resisting Communism has succeeded only in Turkey and to a limited extent in Greece." And we have been less generous with Turkey and Greece than we have with our organized enemies.

What comes out of Geneva now? We are warned that we must give a little more. No nation in history has ever given another nation so much as we already have. We are softened up now to give more. We have not only given materially but we have given up ideals.

We have people here who have adulated this Russian outfit that has violated every human decency. Are we to put the Red Asiatics into the allegedly peaceful operations of the United Nations? Do we now barter?

The American people are looking for leadership, but our colleges build no leadership. Our periodical editors, newspaper editors find few who are brave enough to champion the ideologies that are American. One periodical, the *AMERICAN MERCURY*, has dedicated itself to the cause of defending the patriots in our public life who suffer abuse and smear by this invisible government.

The shame of the nation is the United States Senate Chamber filled with repudiators of patriots.

They SAY the Octopus Is Harmless



By Willard Price

WHEN they say the octopus is harmless, the self-constituted authorities are either speaking without knowledge, or they are referring to some sort of octopus quite different from the kind we encountered recently off the island of Upolu in the Samoas.

There are 140 species of octopus. Some are timid, some bold. Some absolutely refuse to grip the arm or leg of a diver. Some go out of their way to attack. Some are stupid, some highly intelligent. Several Pacific species have a diameter of twenty feet or more and the *Octopus punctatus* reaches 33 feet. One with a 60-foot span has been reported.

It was a member of this species that gave us trouble. He was no monster. His tentacles were merely the length of full-grown boa constrictors, about nine feet, giving him a complete span of a little more than 18 feet.

But to have eight boa constrictors exploring one's body with unkind intentions is an experience to supply nightmare material for the rest of one's life.

Tapo, a fine young swimmer and diver who lived in the next village, had several times taken me fishing off the west coast of the island. One day he offered to show me his pet octopus. He said that his eight-armed friend lived in a cleft of the reef on the side toward the sea. They had known each other for three years. Tapo had made up his mind to see if the terror of the deep could be turned into a friend of man. He had chosen a young specimen for his experiments and even now Popo, as he called his pet, had tentacles only four feet long.

Of course I was greatly interested. It was the first time I had heard of domesticating an octopus. It is well known that the octopus is more intelligent than any other invertebrate. In fact an octopus can do what many vertebrates cannot, that is, use tools. An octopus in the Sydney Aquarium has been observed watching a mollusk until it opened its shell, whereupon the octopus placed a stone in the shell to keep it open and then devoured the contents at leisure.

If the octopus cannot find a suitable cave he will build his own house of stones, then crawl in and close the door.

An octopus will sometimes use bait when he goes fishing. The curator of the Jersey Aquarium saw an octopus deliberately kill a rockfish, place it outside his lair, then crawl inside and lie in wait for the crabs that came to investigate the fish.

Hundreds of observers testify to the emotions of the octopus. Its remarkably expressive eyes are as gentle as a cow's when caring for its young, blaze with eagerness when seeking a mate, and become red and cramped with rage when threatened. In anger the body swells and waves of violent color rush down the tentacles.

AS WITH other animals, and humans too, the way to an octopus's heart is through its stomach. Tapo was taking along a crate of freshly-caught crabs. We paddled through the shallow water over the reef to the far edge which suddenly dropped away — a dizzy precipice to ocean depths. Tapo halted the canoe just above the edge of the cliff.

"There's Popo," he said.

I could see nothing but the coral formations of the reef a few feet below our keel. Then I caught sight of two eyes, so human in appearance that they sent a shiver down my spine. Gradually I could make out the body and the tentacles, although every part of the creature was col-

ored to match almost exactly the coral formation beneath it. Not only was each tentacle different but each part of each tentacle was tinted to match its surroundings.

Nor was it just a matter of color. The creature could imitate texture as well. One arm embracing a coral head of a knobby, bumpy variety had bulged itself out into knobs and bumps.

Tapo, directly above the creature, leaned over the gunwale and put his hand gently into the water. For several minutes he did not move, nor did Popo. Then the octopus slowly raised an arm toward the waiting hand. The tentacle did not grip the hand but came to rest an inch or so from it. Very gently, the Samoan stroked the tentacle.

Another tentacle rose and was stroked. Then the remaining tentacles were gradually retracted and pushed against the bottom so that the body was raised toward the surface. Popo wanted his cloak scratched and Tapo accommodated.

"Now watch him get excited," Tapo said.

He dumped eight or ten crabs into the sea all at once. Immediately the octopus trembled with color and its eight arms shot in all directions after the escaping crabs. Tapo laughed and laughed. Then he gave a cry of alarm.

Another tentacle, twice as big as any of Popo's was reaching after the crabs. The malignant eyes of a big octopus came up over the edge of

the reef. The newcomer grappled with Popo and the water began to churn.

The Samoan was overboard in a flash, knife in hand. It was a wild and terrifying scene, the milling of those three bodies under the canoe. This was not my fight and I had no intention of taking part in it, when suddenly the turmoil beneath upset the canoe and I was in the water and in the fight.

Huge boa constrictors immediately picked me as their target and I found myself trussed like a bird, tentacles binding my arms to my sides. I tried desperately to keep my feet on the ground and my head above water. It was no use — my mouth and nose were soon beneath the surface.

ONCE in the Amazon country I allowed a tame boa constrictor to tighten upon me, but the grip was nothing compared with this death embrace. The suction cups cut into my flesh.

Then one of the arms loosened and fell away. Tapo had hacked it off. I got my head above water. Tapo was sawing at another arm. These arms, though they contain no bone, are not made of butter, and it was two or three minutes before he severed it. Now my own arms were free and I began to take more active part in the wrestling.

Would the process have to be repeated, arm after arm, until all were cut away? I wasn't sure that I could

stick it out that long. And what if the beast should decide to use its terrific stone-crusher of a beak?

But Tapo took a short cut. Polynesians are taught from childhood how to deal with the octopus. Between the eyes of the beast is a small bulge the size of a pea. This is the nerve ganglia and if it is destroyed the creature promptly gives up the ghost.

The horrible eyes were drawing closer to mine and the beak was opening, when Tapo slipped in between us, mercifully blocking my vision. He slipped out again and I could see my enemy, but his expression had changed completely. His eyes looked sick and his angry colors were fading. Six snakes fell away. Without their support I was almost too weak to stand. Tapo helped me back into the canoe.

Tapo wouldn't leave the scene of action until he made sure that his pet octopus was all right. Popo had rocketed away to safer territory but after the carcass of the big *punctatus* had been pushed over the edge of the precipice and had dropped out of sight, he came back, not by rocket this time, but walking along delicately on the tips of his tentacles.

He allowed Tapo to examine him arm by arm. Except that he nursed a little raggedness at the end of one tentacle, Popo was quite all right and willing to forget the whole affair. As we left him he began fingering about in the cracks for the lost crabs.

HE TURNED

WRATH INTO



By
Gibbs Hofmann

A BLESSING

IN 1773, William Goddard, an extraordinary patriot, entered Baltimore and with capital of "a single, solitary guinea" established a printing office. On August 20, as editor and publisher, he launched *The Maryland Journal and The Baltimore Advertiser*. A few months later, his acrid editorial criticism of British administrative measures so infuriated the English authorities that they barred his newspaper from the Royal Mail.

Goddard met this challenge with astonishing boldness. He turned his newspaper and printing office over to his sister, Mary K. Goddard, a capable editor and expert printer, and left to form his own delivery service in opposition to the Royal Mail. Out of this struggle emerged the United States Post Office.

For months, and at a frightful financial sacrifice, Goddard, who had been postmaster of Providence, Rhode Island, traveled up and down the eastern seaboard, gathering subscriptions and the support of the Friends of Freedom. He inserted advertisements in newspapers, urging the people to support his plan

for organizing a Constitutional Post Office system. An aroused populace welcomed the plan. In an incredibly short time, Goddard established a line of newspaper delivery riders from Massachusetts to Georgia, with cross routes at important points.

The riders worked in relays to accelerate delivery. Soon they began carrying mail and parcels — and news.

Goddard, a pioneer in shaping public opinion in the colony of Maryland, closed the year 1773 with a flourish. The news of the Boston Tea Party was speeded to Baltimore by his riders ahead of all other carriers. *The Maryland Journal and The Baltimore Advertiser* stirred the colony by printing the first and complete account of that event, and also reports of related incidents received by special post.

Goddard's postal service, now operating parallel to the Royal Mail, was so far superior to it in efficiency and speed that the latter's revenues declined at an alarming rate. By the middle of 1774, even London took notice.

A Boston newspaper reprinted this news item that had appeared in London: "In the Boston paper of 2nd May (1774) is inserted a plan for the establishment of the new American Post Office in opposition to that established by the Government. It is, however, supposed that as soon as General Gage arrives he will stop the career of this new post, the riders and their employees."

It was wishful thinking. Goddard continued alone to widen the scope of his postal system. He urged legislative groups to "effect intercolonial postal activities"; he established post offices, his first at Hartford, Connecticut; and he expressed confidence the public everywhere "will cheerfully join in rescuing the channel of public and private intelligence from the 'horrid fangs' of Ministerial dependents."

As the day of armed conflict with England approached, the British placed the mails under organized espionage. By delaying and suppressing news, mishandling mail, opening and destroying letters that contained information considered prejudicial to the royal government, the Royal Mail's officials only hastened its disintegration.

Goddard's energy and drive were so powerfully effective that on Christmas Day of 1775, the British Post Office at New York announced all inland service would cease from that date. The post riders were withdrawn. The Royal postal service in the Colonies collapsed.

THIS YEAR marks the 180th anniversary of Goddard's victory. The new Constitutional postal service was established as the private enterprise of one man, whose system of mail delivery was the forerunner of the Pony Express.

On July 26, 1775, the Continental Congress took over "Goddard's Post Office," as the patriots called it, without recompense to the man who had created it.

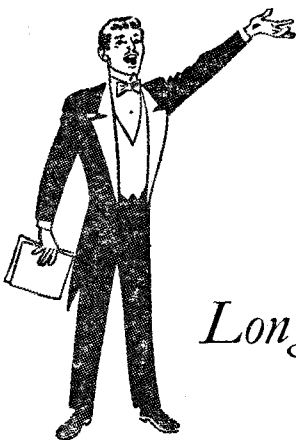
Thus, overnight the United Colonies acquired free a postal system extending from Maine to Georgia.

Congress appointed Benjamin Franklin Postmaster General. He offered Goddard the choice of the surveyorship of post roads or Deputy Postmaster of Baltimore and Norfolk. Deeply hurt by Franklin's insignificant offer, Goddard declined. Congress finally appointed him surveyor of post roads at \$100 a year plus \$3.00 a day for traveling expenses. Goddard accepted, but the job he really wanted was denied him.

Goddard's irrepressible patriotism then filled him with a desire to serve his country dangerously. He requested a lieutenant colonelcy in a line regiment but another denial was his answer.

Discouraged, Goddard resigned his government position and returned to Baltimore and his first love — his newspaper, now *The Baltimore American*.

Goddard's gift to the United States also survives, but he remains forgotten.



The Perpetual **DRUNKARD**

Longest Run in History

BY ALBERT ABARBANEL

PLAYS may come and plays may go — but “The Drunkard” staggers along on the greatest bender of all time. At the Theatre Mart on Hollywood’s fringe the curtain went up on this melodrama in 1933, and it hasn’t come down yet. It has already rung up some eight thousand consecutive performances, the longest run on earth by a wide margin. It has survived war and earthquake, flood and storm, boom and bust. It’s no longer a play; it’s an institution. And no trip to the movie capital is complete without a visit.

“The Drunkard, or The Fallen Saved” is a museum piece of high moral tone and low literary value, with a sermon as long as your arm. Its structure creaks; it is hardly profound. Yet year after year it pays its way. What is its appeal? Why must the audience be told it’s time to go home, and why do people return again and again?

The secret of the Theatre Mart is that it sells more than drama. It dispenses the rare ingredients of warmth and friendliness. The audience expects to share in the fun and participates freely. Instead of sitting on seats in rows, guests crowd around the tables quite informally and quaff sudsy beer, in an atmosphere of Old Music Hall, as they lend an ear to the flowery verbosity of another day. The deadly seriousness with which the actors interpret their roles makes for a glowing hilarity, as the audience boos, cheers and comments.

Some no doubt come to see the movie stars on a busman’s holiday. Almost every Hollywood luminary has passed through these portals at one time or another, and some are regulars. A few fans — Boris Karloff, James Gleason, Mary Astor and Constance Collier — have attended twenty to thirty performances. No

doubt they remember every line. If John Barrymore were still on the scene, he might easily lead the list, for the Prince of Players called it "an admirable representation of what was my father's theater."

SOMETHING in the atmosphere relaxes people, loosens them up. For a time they forget the anxieties and pressures of the outside world, and inhibitions go out the window. The audience cheerfully gives the actors the benefit of its opinion, and some of the repartee is precious. The lines lend themselves to spoofing, for they are nothing short of lyrical. They make you itch to get into the act.

The old mother advises her daughter: "However wild a youth may be when abroad among his associates, no gentleman ever insulted a friendless and unprotected woman . . . (cheers) Go forth, my child, go as the dove flew from the ark of old, and if thou shouldst fail in finding the olive branch of peace, return and seek comfort where thou shalt surely find it — in the bosom of thy fond widowed mother."

Every line is accented by the sweeping gestures of an older school of elocution, and the play is directed for a curious blend of amateur freshness and professional skill. The lines zip along as if the actors had an early train to catch.

The theater has its set conventions, and it took a while for the audience to catch on to what was

expected of it. Producer Harry Bannister tried to break it to them gently. He became a stooge, a sort of theatrical shill to help get things started. "Here, folks," he seemed to say, "make like me!"

Comes the moment when the villain attempts to lure the hero to the alehouse, with the invitation:

"Come with me and have a drink of rum."

"Don't go! Don't go!" shouted someone from the audience.

That someone, of course, was the producer. The audience loved it, but it threw the villain higher than a kite, and he fluffed. The next day the villain increased his tempo and thundered out his lines. "Don't go! Don't go!" roared the manager, but he could hardly make himself heard. The strange duel continued. The producer kept changing his position in the audience, but the villain kept outshouting him.

Desperate, he tried to throw the villain off guard by holding his peace. "Come with me and have a drink of rum!" roared the villain — and then there was a thundering silence as he listened for "Don't go! Don't go!" It never came. It was like waiting for the other shoe to fall.

Pretty soon the audience got the idea and did its own shouting. But by that time the actors didn't mind. They could repeat the lines in their sleep — perhaps they do.

The play is in four acts and fifteen scenes and has just dozens of climaxes. There are no featured play-

ers. "Bit" players are all understudies for the leads; and, when occasion demands, the leads play bit parts.

When the curtain comes down — with a most emphatic bang — out pop the actors to sing old-time ditties for the audience — a sort of music school, an olio, with an MC who invites one and all to join in the catchy tunes and nostalgic refrains. The audience needs little urging.

Even the war with its displacements failed to stop the play's phenomenal run. In fact it increased the potential. For three solid years the cast gave free special Sunday matinees for servicemen, despite the fact that the actors themselves kept disappearing into the Armed Forces.

"THE DRUNKARD" first made its appearance in 1843, based on a novel by an obscure Boston preacher. Moses Kimball, manager of the famous Boston Museum (museums had auditoriums in those days), saw its possibilities and commissioned his stage manager, W. H. Smith, to prepare a dramatic version.

The stirring preachment of the drama aroused all Boston. Rabid temperance addicts marched through the streets urging one and all to see the play. But, when the fine hand of P. T. Barnum appeared behind this "spontaneous" outburst, Boston was horrified and the demonstration gently died a quiet death.

How did P. T. get into the act? The bombastic exploiter of the

strange and marvelous was death on rum, and he moved the spectacle to his American Museum in New York, which was advertised as "the repository of educational and moral exhibits." The play ran a full year and then toured many of the larger cities.

After this, nothing more was heard of it till 1919, when Alice B. Brainerd picked up a copy in Pierce's Old Bookshop in Berkeley, California. She produced it at the Berkeley Playhouse for an intermittent run of four years, and later turned over a copy of the producing script to Galt Bell.

The latter, an actor turned farmer, directed the play at Carmel, where it received so enthusiastic a reception that he decided to set it in a robust music-hall atmosphere. For this purpose he rented the Theatre Mart. Of late years the play has been seen in Portland, Cleveland, Dallas, Tulsa and Hoboken, but nowhere has it had the phenomenal success of the Theatre Mart venture.

"The Drunkard" apparently appeals to the ham in all of us, but whatever the secret of its hold, the cast continues mugging its way through this old meller night after night. So dependable is the performance that it is said that the householders in the vicinity set their clocks by a gun fired onstage at exactly 9:30 P.M.

"The Drunkard," somewhat like "Old Man River," just keeps reel-ing along.

The Truth About *Brain Washing*

By Fred W. Wilmot

SINCE the termination of the Korean War the term "Brain Washing" has enjoyed great popularity, both in military circles and in newspaper headlines. It has become the pat nomenclatural term for the complex science of attitude modification and behavior manipulation. The popularity of the term is easily traced to the simple word picture of the brain washed clean and vulnerable, receptive to lies and truth alike.

To the average American, the term encourages pleasant rationalization. When a few of our soldiers refused to come home from Communist prisoner of war camps in Korea, and a few others admitted to false atrocities, he rationalizes thus, aided by the simplicity of the "Brain Washing" picture:

"Of course! Their minds were wiped clean by drugs or hypnosis and the slogans were imprinted upon their empty minds by repetition. It is as simple as that."

But is it? Unfortunately not. Those men were convinced. They did believe the Red propaganda they shouted to their shocked American audience.

There is no magic in the successful application of the techniques of attitude modification. Certain conditions must exist, the objective or desired behavior must be reasonably possible to attain, and the ability to disseminate information to the target audience must be present. This points to the psychological operations theorem: "The uninformed are easily misinformed."

In the prisoner of war cages in North Korea, the conditions were favorable to the Communist propagandist. The rigors of life under the stresses of cruel Communist captivity lulled the active and informed mind into lethargy. And the inactive mind required less rigorous erasing. The initial objective of simple acceptance of the false, but entirely plausible, academic theories of Com-

munism was reasonably possible to attain. With this intellectual acceptance, a firm platform was built for further disaffection.

As long as we subscribe to the mystic theory of "Brain Washing" and refuse to accept the lamentable fact that our soldiers are vulnerable to enemy propaganda, we will be unable to develop an effective defense for those who are unfortunate enough to become prisoners.

Military planners must not allow themselves to succumb to faulty analysis and diagnosis of this problem. A workable plan of defense does exist and has been in operation for several years. It has, however, been pushed into the shadows by the contemporary concept of "Brain Washing." To fully implement this plan we must recognize the fact that the American soldier, as any other soldier, is vulnerable to a carefully planned propaganda campaign.

He must be psychologically prepared for the rigors of the mental, as well as the physical, strain of combat and captivity.

THERE are six principles of defense against propaganda which may be applied to our defense against "Brain Washing." These principles are well known to any student of psychological operations. Once we have recognized "Brain Washing" as the simple application of the techniques of attitude modification and behavior manipulation, and that the American soldier is vulnerable

to enemy propaganda, we may implement the following principles with marked effect:

1. *Provide full and accurate information to our fighting man.*

The soldier, who was well-informed before his capture, will be much less apt to believe the lies of his captors. This objective is admirably accomplished by our Troop Information Program as long as the soldier is in training or in a rear area.

But in combat, the emphasis is placed on the tactical situation with corresponding de-emphasis on other information. Thus the infantry soldier engaged in combat usually knows only what is going on in his own limited personal sphere.

The immediate situation is undoubtedly bad at the time a man is captured — or his capture could not have been effected.

It is then easy for the enemy information specialist to capitalize on the atmosphere of defeat to prove to the captured soldier that full-scale defeat is inevitable. It is of utmost importance, therefore — if we are to defend ourselves against the insidious "Brain Washing" techniques of a clever enemy — that units periodically be briefed on the overall situation, even in combat.

2. *Build confidence in our aims.*

The enemy's "Brain Washing" campaign begins long before a prisoner of war reaches the dark recesses of captivity. The combat soldier is exposed to the harassment of rumor, loudspeaker and leaflet propaganda.

And, perhaps more important, he has been exposed to the enemy's world-wide propaganda outlets before he arrives in combat.

Such statements as "Wall Street Warmongers," "Capitalists who sit at home while the soldier fights," make little impression on the comfortable, well-adjusted mind. But when coupled with the rigors of the combat situation, these seemingly incongruous statements are remembered with new significance.

During World War II confidence in our aims was perpetuated by the overwhelming fact that the entire country was engaged in the conflict: it was an all-out war. Our aims were clearly drawn and the simple statement of "Win the war and go home" was enough. The war in Korea was quite different. It was not all-out war. The soldier felt that he was a victim of circumstances, that this was a war of politics. He was not sure what the aim of his country was or whether its accomplishment was really worth the giving of his life.

THE ARMY emphasizes in all its leadership training that morale stems from the individual's confidence in himself, in the team with which he works, and in the aims of his country. These aims must be publicized and explained to the soldier, on a continuous basis from the beginning of his training through his combat experience, if he is to withstand the mental pressure of combat and possibly long captivity.

Indirectly allied to this confidence in our country's aims by the combat soldier is the necessity for building our civilian population's confidence in the aims of our government. Too often in Korea, our fighting man's morale was attacked by discouraging letters from home indicating a lack of confidence on the home front. Our foreign policy must be explained logically to the man on the street, who indirectly affects the state of defense against "Brain Washing" of our fighting man.

3. *Provide opportunities for hearing and expressing opinions.*

Equally as important as the provision of facts to the combat soldier is the opportunity to discuss those facts and form personal opinions as to their significance. Facts do *not* speak for themselves. The soldier must be able to express himself concerning those facts in order to understand them.

This outlet is provided by organized Troop Information discussion groups. When the soldier arrives in the combat area, however, other seemingly more pressing tasks occupy his time. This situation must be remedied by informal discussions unobtrusively organized by a unit's officers and non-commissioned officers. A great deal of time in combat is spent in waiting and static immobility. It is the responsibility of the leaders to utilize some of this time to prepare the soldiers under their command for the mental hazards of combat and/or captivity.

Too often an erroneous idea, unvoiced and spurred by discomfort, is the basis for possible disaffection.

4. Respect honest differences of opinion.

The previously mentioned principles of defense must not lead us to believe that a soldier's opinions must be forced to conform to a strict line of reasoning. When information is provided, when national aims are explained, when discussion is organized, it must be remembered that the basis for the formation of democratic ideals is respect for honest difference of opinion.

Only respect for differences of opinion and recognition of their common ground in democratic solidarity can hold a free country together in time of stress. When our combat soldier's democratic ideals are molded on this premise, he cannot fail to see the incongruity of the enemy's "Brain Washing" techniques.

5. Recognize freedom of thought as an overall strength, not a vulnerability.

Not only must we respect honest differences of opinion but we must encourage freedom of thought. Men who are accustomed to hearing arguments on controversial issues and deciding for themselves the validity of those arguments are not likely to be convinced by the faulty arguments of enemy propagandists.

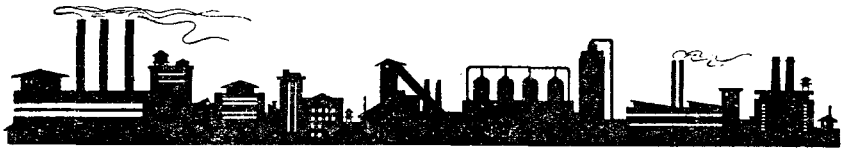
6. Teach our soldiers to recognize the enemy's propaganda line.

To be able to recognize propaganda for what it is, a soldier must be trained. Training programs should include hours of instruction on typical themes currently being utilized by enemy propagandists. When in combat, or as a prisoner, the soldier is exposed to enemy exploitation. When these themes are brought forward, he immediately will recognize their purpose. Our soldier's training teaches him how to survive the enemy's physical attacks. It should also teach him how to survive the enemy's attacks on his mind.

SINCE the beginning of time strategists have capitalized upon the use of unfamiliar weapons to incite panic in the enemy camp. Hannibal's elephants, the rumors of Genghis Khan, the tank, the atomic bomb, are all examples of the use of the unfamiliar weapon and its effect upon the conduct of battle. Once the new weapon has been understood, however, a defense is quickly constructed.

"Brain Washing" does not even have the distinction of being a new weapon. Its unfamiliarity comes from faulty analysis, mystic publicity, false pride and rationalization. It is high time that this weapon is considered for what it is. Understood, it assumes its natural stature as a weapon of war: a potent weapon, but not a weapon for which no defense exists.





Industry Attacks Noise

By Frank M. Kleiler

RESEARCH men have been making a lot of new studies lately — trying to help factory managers reduce noise. This is a serious business, and a new league of industrial specialists has been born because of it.

Industry's interest in noise has been stimulated by workmen's compensation cases in connection with "boilermaker's deafness." This is the popular description for hearing deficiencies resulting from noisy occupations. The highest courts in New York and Wisconsin have awarded compensation to workers in drop-forge plants for partial deafness, even though the claimants were still able to engage in their normal occupations.

Employers are becoming worried because of the increasing number of claims filed, although there has not as yet been a large volume of money paid out for loss of hearing under workmen's compensation laws. Unless deafness definitely was caused by an industrial accident, it is difficult to prove the cause of loss of hearing. Some employees work all their adult

lives in drop-forge shops without any appreciable loss of hearing. But others become deaf — and file claims for compensation.

Without waiting to learn what their legal liability may be, large companies are now bringing in noise experts to see what can be done to eliminate the basis for hearing-loss claims. With a few notable exceptions, however, industry has only recently taken any action in the field of noise control.

"The reason is fairly obvious," says D. B. Callaway, supervisor of Sound and Vibration Control for the Armour Research Foundation, Illinois Institute of Technology. "Noise abatement is not a project that can be proved to pay for itself. Little scientific evidence has been produced to show specifically that noise reduction has caused an improvement in worker efficiency or output over a long period of time.

"In fact, there are no scientific studies to show that high noise levels have any effect on production as long as worker motivation is suffi-

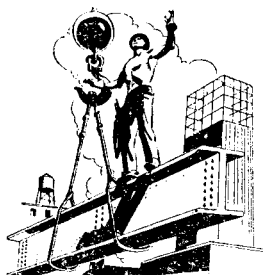
ciently high. It is a generally accepted *feeling* that production suffers in a bad noise environment, but there are few facts available, as far as we know, to back this up."

Others specializing in the field disagree with this conclusion and offer various reports to show that the elimination of noise does increase production. One company, with an assembly department adjacent to a boiler shop, moved the assembly department to a quieter area. Assembly output increased 37.5 percent, and rejections dropped from 75 percent to seven percent. Another company, with an exceptionally noisy ventilating fan in its shipping room, quieted the fan by installing new bearings and sound-absorbing material. The output of work increased 12 percent.

Though few companies can claim such spectacular results from their war on noise, most of them are finding that the additional expense involved is a good investment. "Effective noise control," Callaway says, "is consistent with the general attitude of progressive companies—that improved working conditions for employees always pay off in one way or another. Certainly reducing noise to which employees are exposed will improve their attitude toward management. And this improvement has the same value re-

gardless of how it was achieved."

Aside from these intangibles, however, practical management men know that the risks in connection with occupational deafness warrant action on the noise problem. Industry is becoming noisier. This results from increased mechanization. And the faster machines operate, the higher the noise level.



While the average worker is in no danger of becoming afflicted with "boilermaker's deafness," the hearing of many employees in some factories is really exposed to serious risk. There is particular danger in such plants as drop-forges and on

such jobs as the operation of rock drills and airplane engine test cells.

WESTERN Electric, Allis-Chalmers, American Airlines and other large companies have well-established programs for testing the hearing of employees. These projects have two main purposes. One aim is to make certain that employees can hear well enough to do their jobs safely. The other is to determine if employees do lose their hearing in the performance of their work. Hearing tests, made at the time a man is hired, are checked against hearing tests at regular intervals thereafter. And workers whose ears appear to be suffering often can be switched to other jobs.

Besides testing the hearing of individuals, there is the job of measuring noise in a plant or each part of a plant. The experts know that there are different kinds of noise and that some are harder to measure than others. The measuring job is relatively simple in dealing with a steady noise like that in a textile mill or the constant pandemonium in a room filled with saws, lathes and pneumatic hand tools.

But the job gets difficult when the experts try to deal with single-impact noise such as that from drop hammers and punch presses and the repeated-impact noise caused by riveting. Nevertheless, inventors are hard at work improving the noise-measuring equipment.

Next there is the matter of fixing noise standards. Thus far there are conflicting opinions as to the amount and frequency which hurts the human ear. The American Standards Association has gone to work on this problem. Their chief conclusion to date is that more field studies are needed before standards can be established. But progress has been made.

THEN there is the element of noise abatement itself. Various techniques are employed in dealing with this problem. One of the simplest is to partition off a noisy part of a plant so that only those who work close to the noise have to suffer.

To cut off noise at the source, however, it is often necessary to re-

design machine parts, change the foundations to decrease vibration, or to make mechanical adjustments. Once it has been determined that a noisy operation must be run more quietly, inventive genius frequently can find a way.

Often, inspection of a plant's layout and equipment reveals that the planners forgot the noise factor in their eagerness to save space. But sometimes they can still reduce the racket without sacrificing other efficiency objectives. When punch presses and other noisy machines must be located in the upper stories of buildings, for example, reverberating noise may be cut down by placing them over the building beams or on other solid floor space.

Often a factory manager finds that some noises can be eliminated with little or no expense. Loose and rattling machine parts are a common nuisance. But if the maintenance staff does its job properly, it can save costs by prolonging the life of machines, while at the same time saving the hearing and nerves of the employees.

The aim of all this activity is not to achieve completely silent factories. The only absolutely silent factories would be those standing idle.

But if the current efforts of the noise control engineers are successful, the modern music representing the Machine Age will need to be rewritten to substitute *pianissimo* for *forte*.



Pests or Patriots?

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BY AUGUSTIN G. RUDD

"THAT WOMAN'S here again," announced the young lady with the slight trace of annoyance a good secretary ill conceals when she feels her employer's time is being wasted. "That woman" was Mrs. Smith, a constant caller either on the phone or in person, on matters which in no measure aided the financial interests of the office. She was the mother of three children in the public schools and felt that their education was being neglected in basic knowledge, and also in subjects tending to create appreciation of their American heritage, such as

history, the United States Constitution and recognition of our national heroes.

Having been a teacher for several years before marriage, hers was not a curbstone opinion when she charged that patriotism was not a requisite of the "new education," a departure from the policies of preceding generations. So Mrs. Smith had moved to a town whose schools bore a good reputation and where she felt that this defect would not exist. But she found that the new superintendent was an ardent "new educationist" and her interest was not only rebuffed but efforts were made to discredit this mother in her community. She refused to be discouraged, however, and was making the rounds of those who might aid in her fight for *all* parents.

Mrs. Smith was, of course, primarily interested in education, but it could just as well have been the Bricker Amendment, the United Nations, foreign policy, Communist infiltration in the United States, confiscatory taxation or any of a number of vital issues affecting our Republic. In one form or another, they are always present, threatening to some degree the fundamental liberties of our people. And, somehow, they always seem to be well-organized and ably sponsored. But from the grass roots there emerge the Mrs. Smiths and the Mr. Joneses, rugged individualists who step out in front in the battle for principles as they see them. In many years of

similar work, I have learned to respect these libertarians. That they possess a full measure of courage is evident, but much more is in their make-up. What makes them "tick?"

ONE CHARACTERISTIC is the fact that their interest in patriotic activities is deep and often dedicated. No passing fancy or "hobby" would endure the strife, and ill-feeling of the miniature civil wars that frequently occur, particularly in controversies over education. For one to persevere in a cause with certainty of abuse and no offsetting personal advantages requires convictions — not only in love of our Republic but in a spiritual sense. No student of the natural law can fail to observe that there is a plan or pattern of earthly existence.

The plan has its *material* manifestations in the ruthless competition for existence, the so-called natural law; its *spiritual* part may be called the moral force. It is the refining process, the humanizing influence which God created in the human brain. The first great advance of this moral force was the awakening of a conscience in mankind.

There are, of course, many causes worthy of their steel, but for the dedicated libertarian the shining target is statism — the age-old enemy of man constantly emerging in various guises or disguises to rob us of our liberties. Such threats have always been with us, on a limited or national scale, but never in recorded

history has the freedom of the *entire world* been endangered. For the Communist conspiracy is admittedly global in scope and if it is not stopped, the whole structure of Western civilization will be recast in the moulds of the dictators in the Kremlin.

Our libertarians realize this only too well. They see in our immortal Constitution the last great refuge of freedom in a world reeling under the successes of Soviet tyranny, which in a few short years has returned two-fifths of mankind to slavery.

So they oppose forces, great or small, directly or indirectly destroying or threatening the principles of freedom. It is largely a matter of conscience, for if they fail to act, they feel "uneasy with themselves." They know that our forefathers fought to give us our liberties and only through struggle can they be retained. Controversy seems inevitable and abuse often is their lot. And then follows loss of popularity among the majority of our people too engrossed in their own affairs to be bothered by people with "causes" of whatever nature.

But conscience is as mysterious as it is powerful. It speaks in stentorian tones and then you see that "that woman's here again," giving unselfishly of her energies and resources, and seeking the aid she knows should be forthcoming in *our* fight to save the ideals and principles of this republic. A pest? Perhaps. But most certainly a patriot.

Recommended Reading

1. *The Decline of the American Republic and How to Rebuild It.*
— John T. Flynn
2. *The United Nations: Planned Tyranny.* — V. Orval Watts
3. *Secret of Happiness.* — Reverend Billy Graham
4. *America's Retreat from Victory. The Story of General George Marshall.* — Senator Joe McCarthy
5. *The Untold Story of Douglas MacArthur.* — Frazier Hunt
6. *Atomic Energy: A Constructive Proposal.* — David Teeple
7. *What Price Israel?* — Alfred Lillienthal
8. *Life Is Worth Living.* — Bishop Fulton J. Sheen
9. *Collectivism on the Campus: The Battle for the Mind in American Colleges.* — E. Merrill Root
10. *Unconditional Hatred.* — Captain Russell Grenfell
11. *Make Each Day Count.* — Reverend James Keller



A Word to the Wise Is Sufficient

— English Proverb

Since August, in answer to questions from friends, I have advised them to avoid any form of speculative commitment. While in my opinion there will be more inflation, I see rough days ahead.

Russell Maguire

"Let's Put Christ Back Into Christmas!"

by

DR. DONALD

GREY

BARNHOUSE

*Radio and Television
Speaker*

*Pastor of Tenth
Presbyterian
Church*

Philadelphia,
Pennsylvania



WE HAVE traveled the road from "Holy Night" to "Merry Christmas" to "Season's Greetings." Now many want to turn back; and as the voice of the turtle marks the coming of spring, so the arrival of winter now seems to be heralded by the cry, "Let's put Christ back into Christmas!" Some have become so disgusted with the cheapening process as to murmur that "there ought to be a law." Well, in Australia it came to just that: they passed a law forbidding the mention of Christmas in commercial advertising!

One national picture magazine editorialized on our situation as follows: "As a matter of fact, Christmas

has become so commercialized in recent times that there is danger of our forgetting what it really means. It celebrates the Christian spirit and its meaning is to be found not in glittering gifts but in hoary old traditions: the story of the Nativity, the carols and hymns, the red candles, the blue lights on the snow."

But I believe that is just as misleading an interpretation of Christmas as the view of the advertising man who sees it as an opportunity for some good promotion. Both views take Christ, if not all the way out, at least to the sidelines. One makes Christmas a mere spending spree to increase retail trade in consumer

goods; the other reduces it to a seasonal observance of some old traditions lumped together and vaguely labeled "the Christian spirit." Both misunderstand what Christmas really celebrates; but while the commercial distortion is easily recognized, the fallacies of the denatured religious view are not so often exposed.

Such a weakened interpretation focuses attention on tradition — which might be defined as details of observance surrounding a vital central fact and often totally unrelated to it, springing rather from local conditions or being carried over from older times. For example, the burning of candles, the use of mistletoe, the custom of the tree and the Yule log and even the tradition of exchanging gifts are all of non-Christian origin and are associated with Christmas only in certain parts of the world. In the southern hemisphere, December 25th comes in the early summer, six months away from what little snow they ever see. Even that date is probably not when Christ was really born for studies of the Biblical texts and of Palestinian geography indicate a different time of year altogether. Nevertheless it is interesting to see how December 25th came to be accepted as the date for celebration.

Science grew up around the practical needs of primitive civilizations and these needs were centered in the production of food. Agriculture, of course, depends on the changing

seasons and it was not long before some men noticed the connection between the seasons and the motions of stellar bodies — particularly the sun. These men made themselves priests of the forces that loomed so strong in the lives of the people and compelled the ignorant to worship and to fear. One of their standard threats was to extinguish the sun and put an end to all life if the farmers did not appease the gods by bringing gifts to the priests. They backed up this carefully timed threat each year by pointing to the shortening of the days and the increasing cold as winter came on. Just before their astronomical charts indicated that the sun was about to end its southward march, they would call for a great day of sacrifice and bringing of gifts to the temples. Then, about December 22nd, they announced that the gods were satisfied and that they would permit the sun to remain. For three days it was carefully watched and on December 25th, when its turning was distinctly established, a wild celebration broke loose, ending in about a week with the acknowledgment of the birth of a new year — the rebirth of the sun.

THAT is what the institutional Church made over into Christmas, as it had adopted many other old festivals, because it despaired of putting an end to the pagan practices. It seemed far more practical to offer instead an easy transition to Christianity by superimposing

Christian names on the old holidays. This was done and the Pantheon — the temple to "All the Gods" — was turned into a church by the converted emperor Constantine. In the same way the pagan rites of the Saturnalia were renamed "Christmas."

In twentieth-century America the underlying pagan festival still shows through on occasion. "Christmas cheer" has become almost synonymous with liquor, for more than twice as much alcohol is consumed in December as in any other month of the year. There are far more spirits of Christmas than true spirit of Christmas — far more spirit of December 25th than spirit of Christ whose birth we profess to celebrate.

We are not suggesting a change in the date of Christmas. No one knows just when Christ was really born. Nevertheless, it is good to have a definite day to mark that greatest event in human history — having it coincide with the original day is relatively unimportant. Nor are we suggesting the abandonment of Christmas trees, red candles, mistletoe or any of the other harmless customs that have come to surround Christmas. But these are not the core of Christmas and they certainly do not make up "the Christian spirit." The only Christian spirit is the Holy Spirit who told Mary and Joseph, "You shall call his name Jesus for he will save his people from their sins." This is the same Holy Spirit who will live in the heart of

any man who trusts in that same Jesus to save him from his sins. This is the reason why Christmas means so much to the Christian. All the rest is beside the point.

So the true meaning of Christmas is the meaning of Jesus. Men twist and dilute Christmas because they are unwilling to face the great fact of the incarnation of God in Christ and the great challenges it poses for their lives. "The Word became flesh and dwelt among us, full of grace and truth; we have beheld his glory, glory as of the only Son from the Father." (John 1: 14)

Some may ask if we have a right to call the name Jesus the name of God, for Jesus is peculiarly a human name with a human meaning. It is the English form of the Greek *Iesous*, which comes in turn from the Hebrew *Iousua* — anglicized directly as Joshua. So Jesus and Joshua are two forms of the same name, which means *Saviour*. There were very probably many other small boys in the town who answered to the name of Jesus as there are many boys today who still bear the Hebrew form of the name, Joshua.

THAT this name Jesus has now become almost uniquely His, especially in the countries dominated by biblical Christianity, is significant. This exclusiveness is a tendency that rises out of the concept of the Deity of the Lord Jesus Christ. For the great teaching of the whole of the Word of God is that the Jesus Christ

of the New Testament is none other than Yahweh of the Old Testament. What else is it that binds these two documents together? The Bible was written by some thirty-five men over sixteen hundred years of history. It was written by men of the most widely varying backgrounds. King and farmer, shepherd, herdsman, lawgiver, doctor, fisherman, tax-gatherer, philosopher — all these and more contributed to the divine library. It was written from prison and from palace and yet throughout all these pages it possesses the one great thread which binds it together and makes it one unique book. And the thread is the nature of the Saviour, Jesus Christ. The whole Bible in ten words may be summed up: Man's complete ruin in sin; God's perfect remedy in Christ. This is the story of Genesis, Isaiah, Matthew, Romans and the Revelation. Without this cementing fact, the Bible becomes inexplicable.

The name Yahweh means *The Coming One*, the *Deliverer*. Christ Jesus was that Deliverer, and He is still the Coming One, who shall complete the work which He began when He was here.

Through all the ages men had waited for this Deliverer. They knew that the world was in a sad plight and that there must be redemption. At first they looked for some man who might be able to bring the needed redemption. Little by little, the few who made up the small group of true believers in

every generation accepted the divine Word that man cannot save himself and that all that is done for him must be done from above.

Then came the day when the angel of the Lord appeared to the Virgin Mary and announced to her that she should have a child. The story is one of the most beautiful and holy in all language. The girl heard the words of the angel and the announcement included the name of the babe that was to be born. "And behold, you will conceive in your womb, and bear a son, and you shall call His name Jesus. He will be great, and will be called the Son of the Most High; and the Lord God will give to Him the throne of His father David; and He will reign over the house of Jacob forever; and of His kingdom there will be no end." (Luke 1: 31-33)

We are told that the girl was the affianced bride of a man named Joseph. She had brought up the subject when the angel had spoken to her and had asked how she might become the mother of the child when she had never known a man. A child without a human father, the Virgin Mary knew well, was a matter which was outside of human experience. What would Joseph think when he discovered that the girl he was expecting to marry was already with child?

WE HAVE the story in Matthew's Gospel and with it the explanation of the meaning of the

name of Jesus. We read, "Behold, an angel of the Lord appeared to him in a dream, saying, 'Joseph, son of David, do not fear to take Mary your wife, for that which is conceived in her is of the Holy Spirit; she will bear a son, and you shall call his name Jesus, for he will save his people from their sins.'" (Matt. 1: 18-21) The story then continues with the announcement, "All this took place to fulfill what the Lord had spoken by the prophet: 'Behold, a virgin shall conceive and bear a son, and his name shall be called Emmanuel (which means "God with us.")(Matt. 1: 22, 23) This portion of the story ends with the statement that Joseph obeyed and he and Mary did not live together as husband and wife until after the first of her children was born. And we read that Joseph called this first-born son, Jesus.

God became man in order that He might act in the character of the name of Jesus, which is the word meaning *Saviour*. If Jesus Christ be looked upon as being nothing more than a man, then there is no Christmas, no incarnation, no Saviour; there is nothing. But "God was in Christ, reconciling the world to Himself, not counting their trespasses against them; and entrusting to us the message of reconciliation." (2 Cor. 5: 19)

The first meaning of *Jesus*, therefore, is that the world was lost in sin and needed saving. That is, perhaps, the hardest truth to impress upon

the hearts of men. If I were to be given the privilege of writing one sentence which should be emblazoned before the world and burned into the heart of every man and woman, it would be something like the following: God is so absolutely holy that He cannot tolerate the presence of any human being because of the sinful nature of our hearts, but He is so loving that He has made a way for us to be brought back from the abysmal depths of our sin, in that He Himself came to earth, in Jesus Christ, to take the stroke of wrath which is man's due, in order that we might be brought, through faith in this Saviour, Jesus Christ, back to fellowship with the God whom we have so long offended.

At Christmas we celebrate the good news that what we could not do for ourselves, God did for us in coming to live, work, teach and die among us and for us. *Jesus is the Christmas name of God*. It is the name by which we are assured of God's love and His readiness and power to save us from our sin and He will leave no loose ends. When a man puts his confidence in Jesus, he faces no more penalty for his sins for that was paid by the Saviour on the cross. Moreover, God promises to be with him throughout his life and save him in temptation from the power of sin. Finally God promises to be with him in death and to raise him from the dead as He raised Christ, so that he can have eternal life, see Christ and be like Him.

This dynamic message of life and death is a far cry from the watered-down "Christmas spirit" about which many speak.

In the world diplomatic situation today there is much talk about another spirit — the spirit of Geneva. But our statesmen have warned us and the rest of the world that this so-called spirit is meaningless and profitless unless it is implemented with deeds consistent with that spirit.

The same is true of the Christmas spirit. God has done all He can. He

came and faced us in Jesus Christ. He gave His own life to end the war — the rebellion — that exists in every human heart. He took the Christmas name of Saviour. Among men of all times there are those who mock Him, those who make Him an object of intellectual curiosity and investigation, those who try to ignore Him and those who trust Him. Only those who trust Him can really understand the joy of Christmas and be filled with the Holy Spirit — the only true Spirit of Christmas.



ABOUT THE COVER

This month, the artist, Robert Arnold, has given us a preview of Rockefeller Center's 1955 salute to Christmas. His painting faithfully depicts the actual scene as it will appear.

The tradition of the tree began in 1931 and has continued since with one spectacle following another. There was the year of the singing tree, and the year when live reindeer grazed under the glowing branches; there was the ninety-foot Norway spruce, and the tree decked with cranberry and popcorn garlands.

The Herald Angels lift their golden trumpets over the skaters and the two million people, New Yorkers and visitors, young and old, who come to gaze at this — one of the loveliest features of the city's holiday.



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1. The names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher: Russell Maguire, 500 Fifth Avenue, New York City; Editor: none at present; Managing editor (Acting): Natasha Boissevain, 250 West 57th St., New York City; Business manager: Robert C. Hodgson, 500 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

2. The owners are: Russell Maguire, Belle Haven, Greenwich, Conn.; Cary M. Maguire, Belle Haven, Greenwich, Conn.; Marina J. J. Maguire, Belle Haven, Greenwich, Conn.; Natasha Boissevain, 7 East 93rd Street, New York City; Leslie J. Yarbrough, 823 Park Avenue, New York City; Robert C. Hodgson, 34-03 92nd Street, Jackson Heights, N. Y.

3. The known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None.

4. Paragraphs 2 and 3 include, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting; also the statements in the two paragraphs show the affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner.

(Signed) LESLIE J. YARBROUGH, *President, The American Mercury Magazine, Inc.*
Sworn to and subscribed before me this 30th day of September, 1955.

Joseph Hofrichter, *Notary Public*, State of New York
Qualified in Queens County, No. 41-1826000.

Cert. filed with N. Y. Co. Clerk & Reg.
(My commission expires March 30, 1957.)

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